

6d

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PUNCH

January
19
1955



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

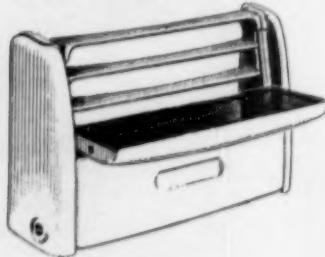
... and they lived
warmly ever after!

The bedtime story by the firelight glow demands a happy ending. The cheerful and comfortable atmosphere which the Flavel-Seymour generates provides the perfect setting.

The

FLAVEL-SEYMORE *the aristocrat of grates*

ASK TO SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS OR LOCAL STOCKIST



FLAVELS
of LEAMINGTON

MAKERS OF FINE COOKING AND HEATING APPLIANCES SINCE 1777



All your hair needs . . .

... every single hair! Brylcreem's special emulsion makes every hair supple and lustrous because it grooms by surface tension. The result is that firm but gentle control underlying the clean, smart look. What's more, Brylcreem, with massage, maintains the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil. Always use Brylcreem, the healthy hairdressing. Tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.



B R Y L C R E E M
for health and appearance

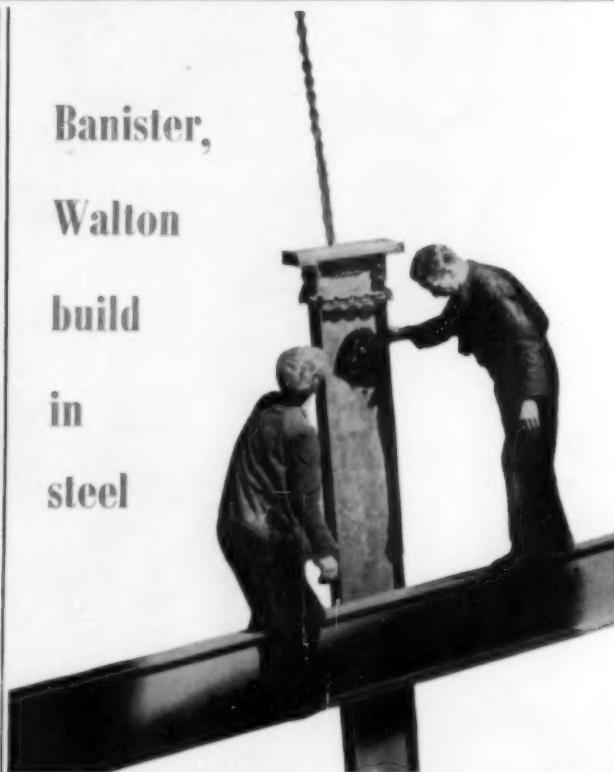
Banister,

Walton

build

in

steel



BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD. STRUCTURAL STEEL (Riveted-Welded)
LONDON S.W.1, 82 Victoria St. MANCHESTER 17, Trafford Pk. BIRMINGHAM 1B, 61/63 Western Rd.
MCN 2186



Hot stuff in tubes are Accles & Pollock

*These finned steel tubes are a new
Accles & Pollock development. Not to be too technical
— they are used in things called heat exchangers and dispel
a lot of hot air quickly, which is probably why the
Directors here are so fond of them ; but it's
very skilful steel tube making, isn't it ?*

By appointment to the late King George VI.

Charles H. Pugh Ltd., Motor Mower Manufacturers



By appointment to the late King George VI.

Charles H. Pugh Ltd., Motor Mower Manufacturers

To

ATCO OWNERS

Present

As all Atco "old boys" know, now is the time for Atco Service to come to the aid of all good Atcos. Your Atco Service Branch is in full swing on the work of overhauling a very large number of machines. We do urge Atco Owners to approach their Service Branch Managers now so that their machines may be returned to them in first-class condition and in good time for the start of the mowing season.

*Future*

The reason why Atco Motor Mowers are widely spoken of as "the best" is because, over a long period, so many people have found by experience that this is in fact true and have recommended Atcos to their friends.

STOP PRESS

Atco have just announced a new model of great interest to owners of small and medium-sized gardens - a thoroughbred Atco at £35:11. inclusive of purchase tax. This attractive new 14 inch model is in the shops now, so do see it and get your order in before the rush starts.

CHARLES H. PUGH LIMITED, P.O. Box 256, ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9

Evening Wear



Ready-tailored dinner suits
and tails for Sale or Hire

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477

AND BRANCHES

Glayva

SCOTCH LIQUEUR



Edinburgh, rich in architecture and in the natural beauty of its setting, has been called the modern Athens. It has also many distinctive arts and crafts amongst which is the making of "Glayva" a distinguished Scotch Liqueur which has made many friends far beyond its borders



RONALD MORRISON & CO LTD. EDINBURGH



Pressure Product

IN 1939 I.C.I. began the works-scale production of a new plastic that was to play a major role in defeating Hitler's air armada. The plastic was polythene, the white, tough, flexible material that provided the high-frequency insulation in almost every wartime radar set. Without polythene, the Allied land and sea radar systems could not have developed as they did—let alone airborne radar. No other material could supply the combination of insulating and mechanical properties that airborne radar needed. Polythene's discovery in 1933 was the result of research on the effect of extreme pressure on chemical reactions. It was pure research, inasmuch as it was aimed primarily at the acquisition of scientific knowledge. But it yielded polythene.

Making polythene in large quantities was a difficult

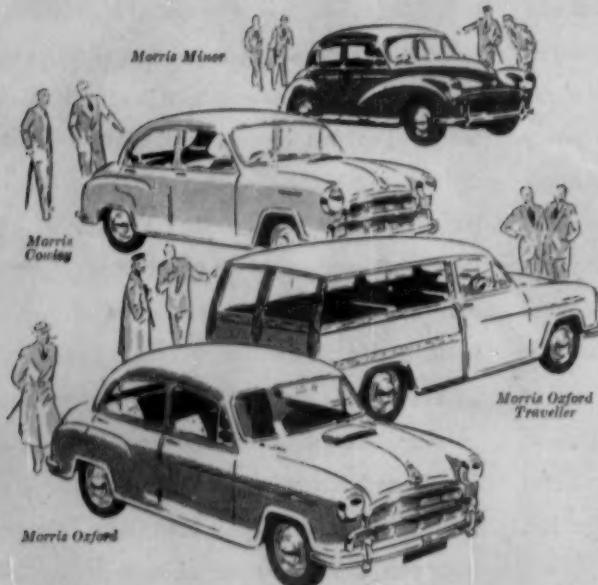
task. Ethylene gas had to be heated at pressures similar to those produced in a 15-inch naval gun. Such pressures were greater than had ever been used in chemical plant before. The first experimental safety-valve blew the skylights out of the laboratory, while a gauge- or pipe-burst was not uncommon. But by September, 1939, the Research Team handed the world's first polythene plant over to the works in time to meet the wartime needs of radar. Today, this unusual plastic is doing its unique job as a high frequency insulator in many branches of the growing electronics industries—in radio and television; in radar and electronic control equipment; and in under-sea cables—but it has also been found ideal for many other uses, from cold-water tubing to packaging film—of which hundreds of miles are produced each week.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited





"Let's make it a Morris..."



MORRIS

*Quality First
means Value First*

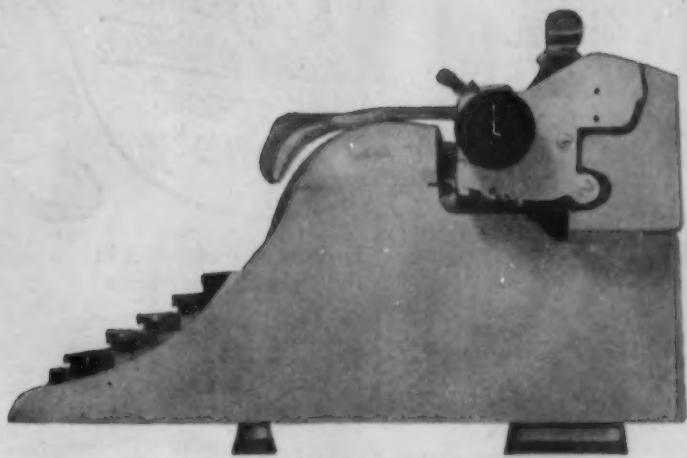
MORRIS MINOR—SALOON, CONVERTIBLE AND TRAVELLER.

MORRIS COWLEY, MORRIS OXFORD, MORRIS OXFORD TRAVELLER.

It's not only the hard, irrefutable facts* in the catalogues they have collected—or even the evidence of their eyes at the last Show. Like thousands upon thousands of motorists before them—they have decided on a Morris because, instinctively and rightly, they feel there is an integrity about this car which is gilt-edged security for their satisfaction . . . When you choose a Morris you make the wisest—and easiest—decision of all.

* Facts like these: every Morris car has a lively O.H.V. engine for outstanding performance—with economy; sofa-wide seats, within-the-wheelbase, and torsion bar front-wheel suspension for unequalled comfort; safety glass all round; advanced 'Mono-construction' body and chassis; beautiful modern styling; superb finish inside and out, and many other unrivalled 'Quality First' features.





Lexikon

A British-made machine of world-wide reputation



It is by design - by sheer excellence of design - not by mere chance, that the products of Olivetti in the business offices of almost every country in the world, have a reputation for superb workmanship, and consistent, reliable, performance.

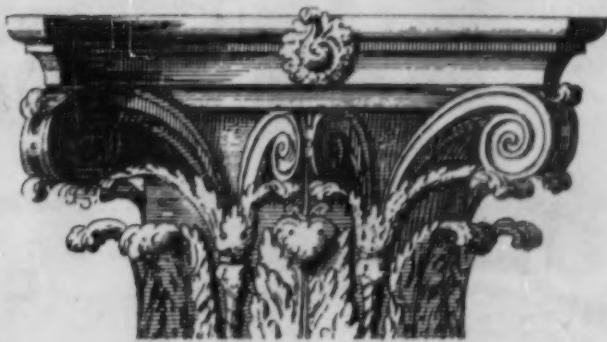
The Olivetti Lexikon - made in Great Britain by British Olivetti - is the latest product in line with this long and firmly established tradition. It is designed with every up-to-date worthwhile feature to ease the typist's task in producing immaculate work - and designed to go on doing so with sturdy imperturbability throughout years and years of service.

Made in Great Britain by BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.

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Panish, January 19 1955

NUGGET

DARK BROWN
(DARK TAN) STAIN
SHOE POLISH
RESTORES THE COLOUR
BRILLIANT SHINE
NUGGET

IT OUTSHINES ALL OTHERS
NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
THE NEW DARK BROWN IS RICHER

Sick people
need protein
to speed
recovery



Doctors recommend it in
this "predigested" form

When people are ill or feverish they usually can't face food—and aren't in a condition to digest ordinary food, anyway. But, in fact, they do need nourishment—especially body-building protein.

That's exactly what Brand's Essence gives them: protein of finest beef or chicken in a clear, appetizing jelly that even the weakest digestive system can rapidly absorb.

Brand's Essence is food that puts no strain on the system—it is prepared by a cooking operation that saves the stomach the first process of digestion. Fat-free, it cannot possibly irritate.

While it nourishes, Brand's Essence also stimulates the digestive juices and encourages a natural appetite. Soon the patient is able to take food. More food

means more strength—the turn to quick recovery begins.

This twofold action makes Brand's Essence equally effective in minor ailments: 'flu, colds, a stomach upset, or when someone is off-colour or just "too tired to eat." Keep a jar of palatable, strengthening Brand's Essence handy—so time-saving when sickness means extra work in the house.



Chicken 4/3
Beef 3/3

Brand's Essence

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Light...right where
you want it



That's ANGLEPOISE—the adaptable, adjustable lamp. Up, down, sideways or backwards, it takes any position—and holds it—throwing its beam exactly where you need it. In Black, Cream or Cream-and-Gold. All electricians and stores from 9d/8d. or send for Booklet to Dept. 7.

Pat. all countries



TERRY
Anglepoise
LAMP

IT MOVES IN THE RIGHT CIRCLES

Sole Makers:
HERBERT TERRY & SONS LIMITED,
Redditch, Worcestershire



BY APPOINTMENT BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

second to none in

CAKES



Dress by Vogel

LYONS for COFFEE

WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-
ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly-ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are fresh. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is immediately aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process), in the well-known green tins. *It is the freshest coffee you can buy.*



Aside to an individualist

Just as clever machines can make today a perfectly adequate pair of shoes, so can they produce a quite passable biscuit.

Nevertheless, like the hard core of people who still support the made-to-measure shoe, there remains among us a small number of individualists who insist that nothing but a made-by-hand biscuit will do.

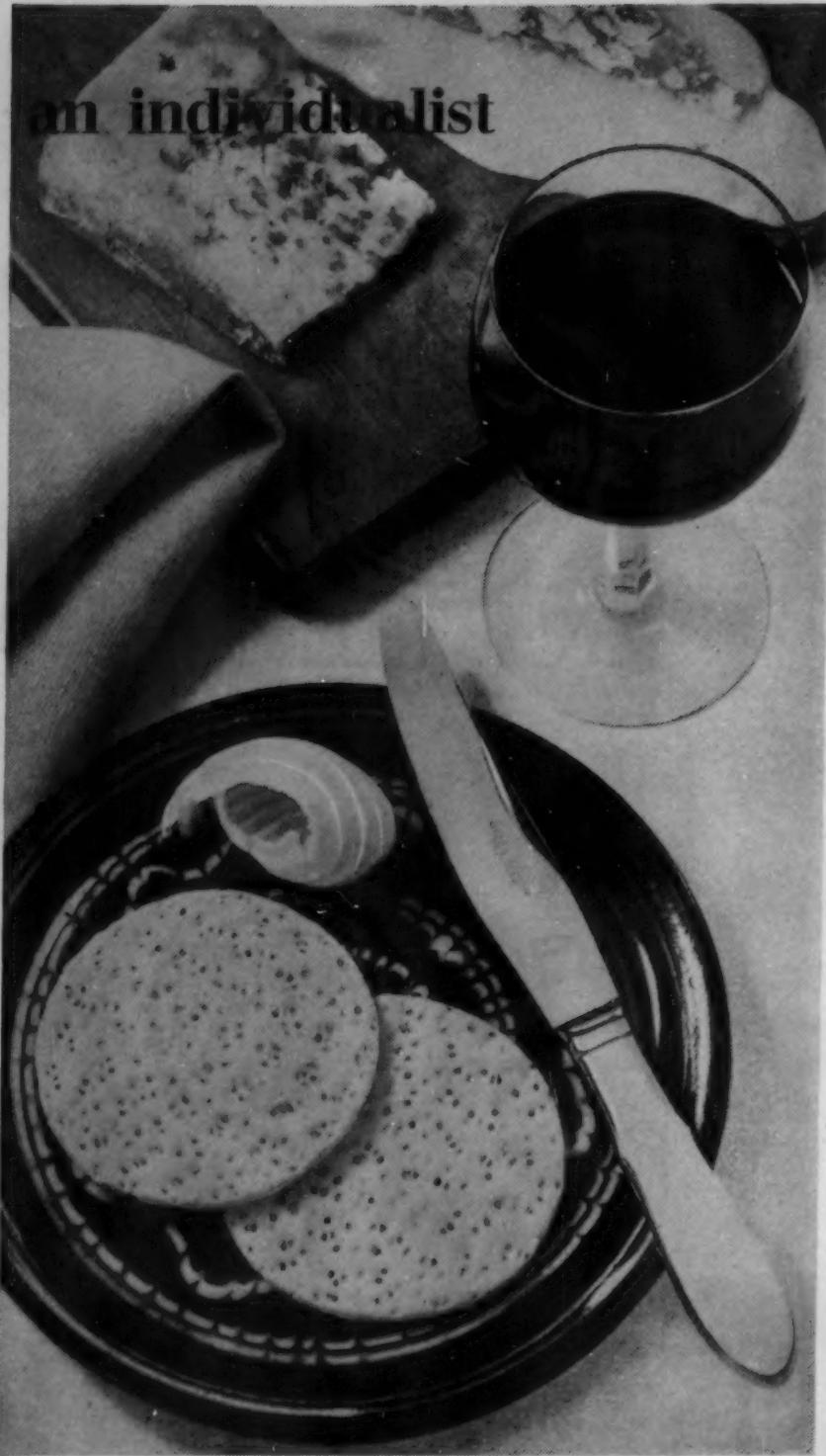
To these few—and they might be in any income bracket, in any part of the globe—the town of Tunbridge Wells is rather akin to Mecca, for it is here that Romary's Tunbridge Wells biscuits are made.

Resolutely impractical, Romary's continue to rely on the skilled hand and the experienced eye, two ingredients as old-fashioned as the soft-grained English wheat and dairy butter that go into our Tunbridge Wells biscuits.

Measured by hand, rolled by hand (and rolled wafer-fine), these biscuits are then cut by hand . . . but why repeat? It's clear that the machine is not the master at Romary's.

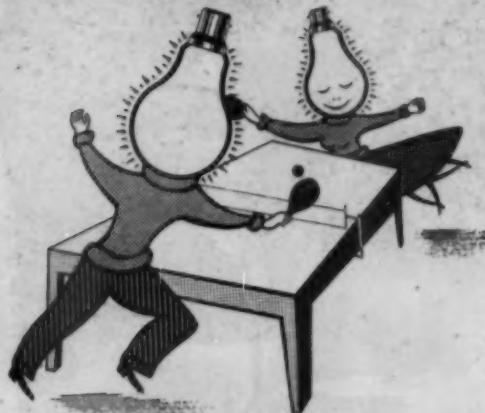
Try Romary's Wheaten or Tunbridge Wells biscuits—preferably with wine or cheese—and we believe you'll see why we take this stand for craftsmanship. Either of these biscuits provides a taste experience that no impersonal machine, in our opinion, could match. You'll find them packed in handsome drums . . . not at every grocery counter, but decidedly worth seeking out.

P.S. Good companions for your cocktail parties are Romary's Cocktail biscuits. And there are three for tea: Honey Bake, Ginger Bake, and Chocolate Batons, which you'll want to enjoy every day.



Romary's ORIGINAL
 HAND-MADE BISCUITS

*Indoor games are more exciting
When they're played by Osram lighting!*



Osram

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A G & C product

The General Electric Co. Ltd.
Also manufacturers of the famous Osram fluorescent tubes

PORTABLE CENTRAL HEATING

Column Type Panel Type

Heat with a
HURSEAL
OIL-FILLED ELECTRIC
Thermostatically controlled
SAFETY RADIATOR
TROUBLE FREE • NO MAINTENANCE

You just plug it in anywhere
From £11.19.8 (including Tax)
Models are also available for Gas
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TOWEL RAILS
Attractive Floor or Wall
Models for Gas or Electricity
H.P. Terms available
for all appliances.



The Cup that Cheers

Delicious OVALTINE
not only comforts and
refreshes — it also
provides concentrated
nourishment which
helps to sustain and
to energize.



There is nothing like
Ovaltine
The VITAMIN-FORTIFIED
Food Beverage

1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin

P959A

Sleep
well
content

Of the things that
a man may reasonably do
to secure his own creature comfort, there are few
simpler, and none more sensible, than taking a drop
of Scotch whisky on the way to bed. You are leaving
to-day for tomorrow. Take your leave graciously and
pleasurably. Wish yourself well. Choose a whisky soft
with great age, soft as a benediction.

For its gentleness and lasting glow White Horse
whisky has long been famed. Trust a White Horse to
carry you smoothly across the borderland of sleep. It
knows the way.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky





CHARIVARIA

JUST to get it straight for the record, it is Doctor Edith who was reported as having yanked an Arab girl out of the women's quarters and forced her to shake hands with all the men in the village; and Dame Edith who has invited Marilyn Monroe to come and stay in England to improve her culture.

In a Mysterious Way

ADORNED with pictures of pistols and undraped girls, the *Daily Sketch* prints a synopsis of its current serial: "Philip Marlowe, private eye, is hired by ailing millionaire General Sternwood to 'see off' A. G. Geiger, who is blackmailing his daughter Carmen . . . Marlowe discovers Geiger runs an undercover dirty book racket." Within a border at the foot of the page, it adds, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.—*Psalms 34, 3.*" It has been suggested that the last words do not refer to the serial at all, but are an advertisement for something.

Past Imperfect

PROFESSOR J. M. WHITTAKER, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, told the North of England Education Conference in his presidential address that



to his mind archaeology was the humanist field which came nearest to the scientist's conception of a worthwhile branch of learning. And indeed it obviously is desirable that while the scientists work so sedulously towards the obliteration of civilization there should be an ample supply of humanists able to dig it up and reconstruct it.

D

Hope This Finds You

NOTHING succeeds like success. Having already engaged the front pages of the newspapers longer, probably, than any other Civil Servant this century except Mr. Donald Maclean, Mr. Guy Burgess now finds that he makes headline news every time he writes to wish his mother a Merry Christmas.

South Pole, Friday

WHITEHALL is speculating how it was that news of the Cabinet discussions about a British Antarctic exhibition was first announced to the world by an



American newspaper correspondent on board an ice-breaker in the Antarctic. The only feasible explanation seems to be that he must have got it from a Russian spy in the ice-breaker's crew.

Allah is Great!

An acrimonious dispute seems to be arising as to whether the Aga Khan is to be succeeded as leader of the Ismaili Moslems by his eldest son, Aly Khan, or his second son, Sadruddin. One way to determine which is the more suitable candidate might be for them both to be weighed against actresses.

Are You Lonely?

IT is revealed in the annual report of the Nuffield Foundation that a £750 grant is to be made to enable a psychiatric social worker, a consulting psychiatrist and a senior statistician to investigate the problem of why people write to periodicals seeking help and

105

advice. "The number of people availing themselves of this source of help," says the report, "may be a significant symptom of the social isolation from which contemporary society is said to suffer." On the other hand, it may just be an interesting result of the fact that for fifty years or so the editors of those periodicals have been inviting their readers to write for help and advice.

Spirit Willing

To mark their dissatisfaction with the food provided, seventy nurses at a Lancashire hospital last week left their meal untouched and walked out. Patients regretted that they could only go half the way in support.

Hello, Kiddies!

THE B.B.C.'s first survey of the listening habits of British children reveals that whereas sound radio's biggest audience among children lies in the eight-to-eleven-year-old bracket,



television's maximum is to be found in the five-to-seven-year-olds. This is hardly surprising; the television programme planners seem to have been concentrating almost exclusively on these groups for a long time now.

Let's Be Ghouls

NEW BARNET Police, called to a raided tobacconist's, were puzzled to find that the thieves had used a gravestone to smash in the window. Obviously this was an attempt to dress up a tedious,

run-of-the-mill crime into something more in line with modern horror-comic techniques.

Council to Issue Free Roller-Skates?

WHILE eight-year-old Pauline Gough walks a mile or two to school from her home in Nantwich, her seven-year-old sister is carried there in solitary state in a six-seater taxi. The Nantwich



Education Committee's comment is: "We must stick to our firm policy not to allow ineligible children to use free transport, whatever the circumstances."

Perhaps if Pauline were to dress up as a little coloured girl from Jamaica and stow away she might get the usual ecstatic welcome.

Dead on Times

DURING the recent severe weather *The Times*, always alert for a telling background detail, published a photograph of "a train leaving King's Cross for Cambridge, forty-five minutes behind schedule." What made the picture so subtly impressive was the extraordinary similarity the train seemed to bear to a later train, due to leave for Cambridge three-quarters of an hour after the first one, pulling out more or less on time.

Heads I Win

CREWS of Swedish merchant ships, who draw "cold money" for trips to

the far North, are now demanding "heat money" for voyages to the Persian Gulf. Their claim has drawn the attention of the Transport and General Workers' Union to one of the obvious gaps in the dock wage structure—that no bonus differential exists to compensate men who sacrifice their dirt money by handling non-offensive merchandise.

Little Benn

Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn is anxious to avoid succeeding to his father's peerage.

VAUNTED and righteous egalitarian
Proudly you scorn an hereditary
call:
But if you had not been the son of
your father,
Would you have got to Westminster
at all?

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS INEXPERIENCE

DEAR SIR,—None of the objectors to Mrs. Knight's stimulating broadcasts has taken up the challenge of her own religion—Scientific Humanism, as she herself has felicitously described it. In that it is scientific, it is irrefutable; in that it is humanistic, it is humane. To call Mrs. Knight irreligious is like calling Bertrand Russell or Professor Toynbee irreligious. The irreproachable lives and edifying utterances of such men as these put them in the category of latter-day saints. Let us follow Mrs. Knight, and emulate them and their works, rather than the outworn exponents of an outworn faith.

Yours, etc.,

MADELEINE MERCHISON

DEAR SIR,—A lot of nonsense has been talked about Mrs. Margaret Knight's broadcasts, but her initials (M is the 13th letter and K the 11th) make it clear that the reference is to *Revelation XIII, 11*, and that Mrs. Knight is in fact the lesser beast of *Revelation*, not, as has been suggested, the Great Beast. Yours, etc.,

J. V. PURDOM (Col., R.E. Rtd)

DEAR SIR,—It seems to me most extraordinary that Mrs. Knight's studiously moderate and reasonable denigration of Christian teaching should have

been so ill received. Surely, in this year of grace, it is accepted that the Christian way of life is in no wise dependent on (indeed, is often greatly impeded by) adherence to Christian dogma. In this connection, I might mention, among many others, the Dean of Canterbury. This saintly and admirable man supports Mrs. Knight's contentions when he shows so convincingly that Christian values are best exemplified to-day in avowedly atheistic societies.

Yours, etc.,

P. WALTHAM WENTWORTH

DEAR SIR,—I feel that a protest should be made about Mrs. Knight's mischievous suggestion that children should read the New Testament stories in the same way that they read the stories of Greek mythology. Too many inroads have already been made into the time that should be spent in reading the Classics.

Yours, etc.,

RICHARD CROOME-BALL-CROOME,
M.A. (Oxon)

DEAR SIR,—I cannot agree with the apparently general feeling that the B.B.C. was guilty of bad taste in allowing Mrs. Knight to continue her series of talks. I listened to her second broadcast very carefully, and am certain that it contained no advertising of any commercial product whatever.

Yours, etc.,

M.R. BARNARD (Miss)

DEAR SIR,—With the Day of Judgement relatively close at hand (July 8, 1958), the B.B.C. was guilty of an astonishing lapse in allowing Mrs. Knight to suggest that there was time for children to make up their minds about whether they believed in the Christian Revelation.

Yours, etc.,

ADA M. FRITH





FOR SUDAN CIVIL SERVANTS

Wild About Women

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

Calling all Men. Whereas the Mirror group announces its intention to publish a Sunday paper for Women, as if any papers were published for anyone else nowadays, it seems high time that . . .

IT'S the H-line, it's newer than the new look, look, Ava's secret is her neck-muscles, buttons all the way up the front, lovely, this air stewardess was snapped with her cute lion-cub passenger, watch those tell-tale crow's-

feet, Mr. Bestow sent it back twice for re-typing, but honestly, I mean, to think she thinks she looks like Jean Simmons, you rub it in at bedtime and brush it out and it comes like silk, when drying the hands stroke each finger at least three times from the tip downwards. Are my seams straight? I saw where she was going to be a nun after her next picture, send your problems to Prudence Wise, no more rigid boning; M.W.H., Woking, I think you should see your family

doctor, but I told him not to worry, after all Prince Philip hasn't got all *that* much hair on top, I think men are like little children, really, the same price but twice as kind to your stockings, red inflamed patches disappear like magic and a plastic sink-tidy in a sort of primrose, fancy, just a canteen waitress and now every fortnight on TV, closing the pores to prevent clogging.

Zuzu flies in.

Fred only has it on for the boxing, I think Lady Barnett's sweet guessing the laundry-finisher in one, my husband has changed towards me in recent weeks, it's called Plim and shrinks the cuticles right back, in ciel blue, peach bloom, ivory, rose or elephant, to make eyes larger pluck eyebrows from underneath side only, when baked dip in melted chocolate, I am sure you can win him back Jean, but have patience, keep the dewy sparkle in your skin, simply arrange these lovely undies in order of merit. Have you got lo-o-o-oong legs? It says the Queen Mother loves chicken and cheese, these knitted two-pieces are thicker than thick-knits, there is no harm in a good-night kiss but aren't you a little young to think of wedding-bells, my dear?

She could not recognize real happiness even when it was within her grasp, cool, hygienic, no roll-over or ride-up, big economy size, it's attractive to men.

Bobo flies out.

Never mind the skin they love to touch, run your own business, travel in the Pullman, chain-smoking over the A to L folders from the export file, as good as a man any day, member of the board, two thousand a year they say she's getting at one of the Ministries, used to be a ferry-pilot, ball-room champion, smart office hat in cherry red felt, why not interior decorating? Lady, 22, well educated, smart appearance, crease resistant, business and travelling experience, shorthand and type perfectly English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, concealed figure support, qualified doctor's dispenser offers services companion sailing Mombasa, attractive brunette desires partnership shipyard, airline or similar, redhead Mrs. W. P., Trowbridge, lived in dread of ugly fat, crochet your own string gloves, fabulous self-adjusting



"No thank you, they make me cry."

high bustline girdles the secret of light successful pastry for that pre-theatre party, reinforcing the ptyalin secreted in gums and tongue, her natural loveliness took his breath away, your husband needs help, my dear, to regain his self-respect in this elegant burnished gilt container; supple pantie-belt with detachable; for slinky hip movements breathe—

Calling all—

—from the knees upwards, no more hideous wrinkled elbows, secrets of youth by a plastic surgeon, the perfume that is you, show more curves says actress, blonde sues boss for breach, fame overnight for dark-haired Jennifer, pre-cooked ready to serve inches off your waist in this fascinating transparent pack, men are big babies, Dolores pays £200 on excess baggage it's just presents for my friends back home she says, married her for her pretty feet, claims Vicomte, write to Nurse Purebody, just want to forget him and concentrate on my acting, jewelled motif for extra glamour, no harsh chemicals, every man has his price, darling he murmured I thought I must have dreamed you, the rich oil sinks deep down into the delicate tissues, protects and nourishes with this all-food fruit free from dental embarrassment, the most marvellous home massage treatment you can imagine, Katie signs £100,000 contract, mud-hut to mink, it says, for South Seas bride, killing germs, biting into stains, re-texture your lips into kissable loveliness advises famed TV hostess, peeping full-length slip topped with guipure lace, slim with our lactic sherry, why pay more?

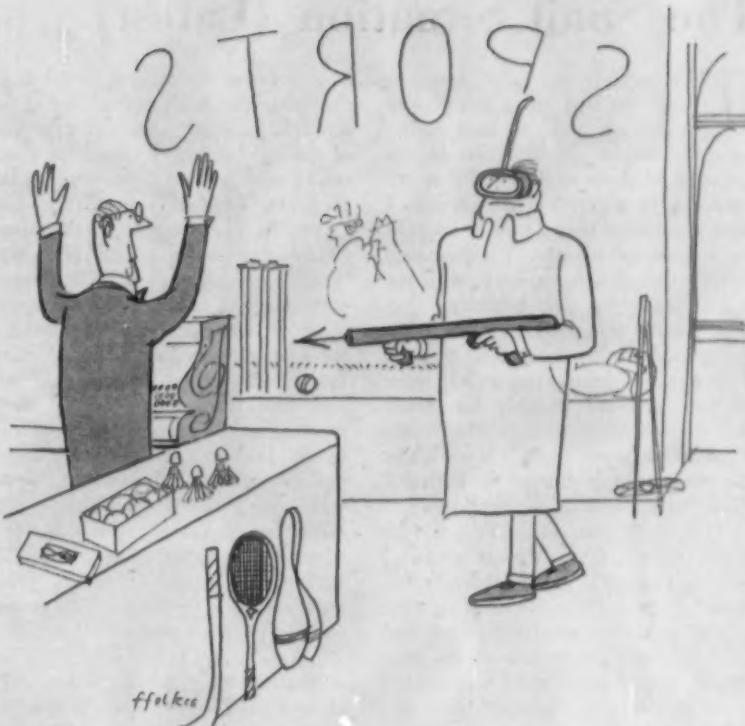
Calling all Men. Fight back, fight back. A moustache spells passion. Bald-chested? Get your "Gorillizer" to-day. Ban beauticians is Southend hubbies' plea. Get MAN, the paper for MEN. Male modelling is fun. He rubs his legs with a lemon. Longer life for your boot-trees. Husband within rights to whip wife says judge. Grocer groomed for stardom. It's all in the hang of the trousers. Strong silent woman wanted. Get all that goo off your eyelashes and where the hell's my supper?



Another Startling Innovation

"NAVY TO TEST ITS GUIDED MISSILES AT SEA."

Daily Express



Dreams Must be Sold

THE accelerating under-consumption and over-production of opium Is causing disquiet in circles concerned with economic laws. At least two million new smokers are needed to avert the disaster Which the threatened collapse of the industry would almost inevitably cause. Caravan services are cut, the camels being no more needed Than British colliers are needed for carrying American coals. Away in the outback coolies, moujiks, fellahs and ryots Are being laid off in shoals.

Expert American advice has been taken in a drive for distribution. Pedlars are given pep-talks on high-pressure methods of sale. A twelve-page illustrated brochure called *3-D Dreams for Beginners Or You Could Write Kubla Khan* is distributed with every bale. Coupons pushed through doors make it possible for prudent housewives To purchase a Family Size at the price of an ordinary pack. Complaints are promptly investigated. Dreams not giving satisfaction Entitle you to money back.

Dens are being re-designed in a strongly contemporary manner With walls in contrasting colours and panels of variable lights (Designs, Lloyd Wright-Corbusier, decorations by Sir Lewis Casson). One-class (Tourist) dens have been opened at selected sites. But still in the producer countries the spectre of under-employment Stalks the mysterious fields where the milk-filled poppies are in bloom: And Lenin the Wise, half hearing a rumour of religious revival, Smiles in his marble tomb.

P. M. HUBBARD

The Snail Situation (Latest)

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE news in my daily paper not long ago that up Chicago way the latest craze is snail racing naturally turned my attention in the direction of these molluscs, if they are molluscs, to which I don't suppose I have given more than a passing thought for months and months. I immediately put my researchers to work, with the result that I am now brimming over with inside information about these gasteropods, if they are gasteropods, and I am only too eager to impart it to those of you who are possibly less snail-conscious than myself. "What I like about Wodehouse," people say, "is that he doesn't keep things to himself." Well, let's see what we have got.

The snails you eat in France with garlic sauce—if you do eat them, I wouldn't myself to please a dying grandfather, because if there is anything more repulsive than a snail festooned with garlic, I have yet to hear of it—come mostly from Austria, and I was shocked to find that the Austrian boys who track them down get only sixty shillings for sixty pounds of them. (Schillings, of course, it is really, but I can't do the dialect.) Putting it more simply, they get one shilling (schilling) for one pound (pound). I don't know how many snails go to the pound, for it must vary a good deal according to their size and robustness. I mean to say, you get great, big, hulking, beefy snails which go bullocking all over the place—which are known in Austria as "hearties"—and conversely you get wan, wizened little snails which have stunted their growth with early cigarette smoking. However, be that as it may, which it probably is, sixty pounds must take



quite a bit of assembling, and I think that what the Austrians call schnirkelschnecke gatherers come under the head of sweated labour. I know that if any son of mine wanted to go into that line of work I should discourage him. "Don't be an ass, my boy," I should say. "Give the thing a complete miss. There's no future in it." But apparently Austrian fathers think differently.

"Well, Hans or Fritz or Wilhelm as the case may be," says the Austrian father, addressing his Austrian son, "the time has come for you to be thinking what you are going to do in the world. I myself made quite a good thing out of composing imitation Strauss waltzes, but the imitation Strauss waltz racket has gone blue on us these days, so what is it to be? The Army? The Bar? The Church? Forgery? Blackmail? Arson? Or do you see yourself making Viennese pastry?"

"Well, look," says the Austrian son, addressing his Austrian father. "The thing I feel I have a call for is schnirkelschnecke gathering."

"Really? Schnirkelschnecke gathering, eh?"

"Yessir. I gather a beautiful schnirkelschnecke."

"Capital, capital, capital (Das Kapital, Das Kapital, Das Kapital)," says the Austrian father and pats him (we are speaking now of the Austrian son) on the head and tells him to go to it.

A silly business, the whole thing, it seems to me, because when the schnirkelschnecken are sold to a French restaurant the French restaurant get £100 for the same amount of schnirkelschnecken for which the schnirkelschnecke gatherer got only about £1 16s 1d., leaving the schnirkelschnecke gatherer down a matter of £98 3s 11d. (Check these figures.) Obviously what the boy should have done was to get a job in a French restaurant.

Turning to the snail in English literature, we find that writers through the ages—I am quite an exception—have tended to give it a raw deal, neglecting it almost entirely. John Donne speaks of the snail "roaming everywhere" (which, of course, it doesn't. Didn't you ever see a snail, John? "Roaming everywhere," forsooth! Pull yourself together, man), and

Herrick, who must have been cock-eyed at the time, compares Mistress Susanna Southwell's feet to snails, but taken by and large the mollusc (or gasteropod) with which we are dealing has never been front-page stuff. The trouble with snails is that nothing much happens. The nearest approach to anything like activity on their part that I can recall in English literature is in Tennyson's early poem "Mariana":

*The rusted snails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable wall*
and even that lacks drama and excitement.

And nowadays, of course, everything has to have the sex angle, and if there is one thing snails are short on, sex is it. An informant on whom I think I can rely says they are "sexless or at least ambivalent." This means, broadly speaking, that there are no boy snails and no girl snails, and that means that if you want to write a story with a strong snail interest, you are dished from the start, for what are you going to do about the jacket? No chance there for a semi-nude female snail being leered at by a male snail in faultless evening dress with a black moustache.

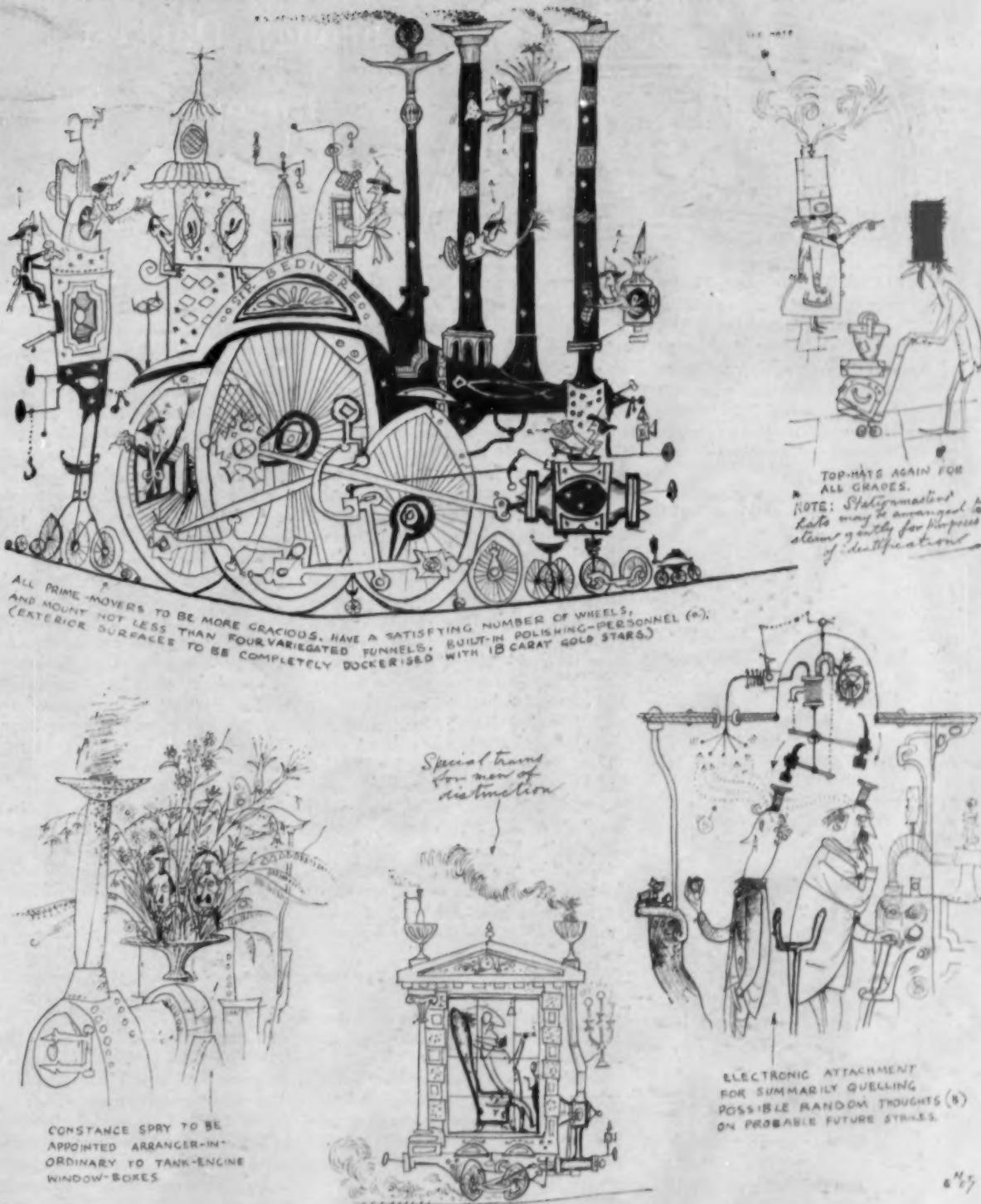
Still, this snail racing may mean a change for the better. The way it works, I understand, is that you pay a fee of a dollar and the owner of the first snail to pass the judges' box takes the lot. The runners have their owners' colours painted on their shells and "are attracted to the winning post by a pile of wet ivy leaves," with a delirious crowd, no doubt, shouting the Chicago equivalent of "Come on, Steve." Any competent author ought to be able to make something of this . . . the hero's fortunes depending on the big race, his snail Sidney in the pink of condition, the villain sneaking into Sidney's stable to nobble him by pouring salt on him, and the heroine foiling the dirty dog by substituting powdered sugar for the salt. There is surely a wealth of material here for something in the Nat Gould vein, and I shall probably have a go at it myself one of these days.



"3.0 'LONG, LONG, AGO'
A film made for television."

Radio Times

Don't rub it in.



A few preliminary suggestions to help dispose of all that money allocated for railway improvement.



Through Darkest Europe

A RECENT survey, pressed home relentlessly by burly operatives of the Public Apathy Poll (PAP), has excavated two startling items crying out for urgent psychiatric investigation —the facts that four out of five owner-drivers not only suffer from schizophrenic *strabismus* through keeping one eye on the road and the other on the driving mirror to spot police cars but also embrace the delusion that motoring day and night across 2,000 miles of darkest Europe at 32 m.p.h. in the Monte Carlo Rally is a piece of cake.

We must leave the psycho-ophthalmic aspect of the problem sweating it out on the roadside until help comes; but we can and will attempt to disperse the cloud that has settled on so many minds obsessed by the fantasy that hauling home a family of seven (excluding Uncle Charlie and the Airedale) from Bournemouth to Whipps Cross at an average speed of 40 m.p.h. on Boxing

Day is comparable with performing passably in *Le Rallye*.

Throwing away the official statistics (which can be made to prove anything), let us ponder these ineluctable facts:

1. The Monte Carlo Rally is won in turn by members of a Continental *bloc* comprising a big Dutchman with a Greek name in a small British-built American car; a French midget in a huge *voiture de grand tourisme* you've never heard of; an Abominable Monégasque in a thinly-disguised potential German fighter aircraft (subsequently disqualified); and an Italian in an Italian car hurriedly moved up from tenth to first place as the result of a screaming Top C objection to the winner that can be heard along the entire Mediterranean littoral.

2. It is never acceptedly *won* by an Englishman, though the main prize is quietly pushed into a dazed Briton's luggage boot once in every decade for reasons inscrutably connected with the *Entente Cordiale*, or French tourist trade.

3. The system of calculating competitors' marks is so complex as to outsmart an electronic brain.

4. The route is rugged, mountainous, frozen, foggy, beset by wolves, patrolled by hostile natives, and impossible to navigate without benefit of a preliminary trial run in plain clothes.

5. Three people cannot live in one saloon car for three consecutive days and nights without dropping the flimsy cloak of civilization and descending into near-cannibalism.

6. The cost is prohibitive to all Britons except motoring correspondents with indulgent editors, drivers from the Hendon Police School, and racing drivers backed by wealthy motor manufacturers.

Those who refuse to be fobbed off by harsh facts, and whom only experience can teach, had better get their hats and

coats on and accompany me now to the secret proving ground, somewhere in Warwickshire, where the Coote Group prepares its annual works entries and drills its Rally team.

Our first encounter, in their sumptuous centrally-heated quarters, where silken hours glide softly about the thickly-carpeted floors, is with six 2½-litre Cootemaster Corkers, absolutely standard models (as required by the rigid Rally rules) which have been lovingly reconstructed for six months by fifty master craftsmen.

Under Rule 347, permitting certain extras to be fitted, each of these dedicated machines is now equipped with radar, sextant, two-way radio, concealed helicopter blades, sleigh runners, ice-breaking machinery, quadruple ignition system, treble-capacity fuel tank, air conditioning, sleeping berths, rifle racks, larder, eight kinds of foreign currency, and a roomy boot carrying a small interpreter with ten languages.

Outside, a 2,000-foot replica of the *Col de Valberg* has been built by unwilling sappers to provide practice for the *Circuit de Montagne*; nearby, a strip of Monte Carlo's Boulevard Albert I, imported from Monaco at stupefying expense, has been laid out to accustom drivers to the sort of acceleration and braking tests waiting at journey's end.

Beneath a battery of sun lamps the driving team of fifteen Grand Prix aces and three Amazons are undergoing special physical training at the hands of the costly Swedish instructor, Per Haps. After thirty minutes of contorting themselves they will be led away confused to hear a lecture by an eminent psychologist on adjustment to claustrophobia at speed, and be injected with stamina-promoting drugs by a Wimpole Street charlatan. Their diet, administered intravenously thrice daily, is a nauseating



"... And then the wicked witch with a few magic passes of her hands made the handsome prince's treasure vanish in a twinkling..."

compound of carrot-juice and black-strap molasses brewed by Dr. Gayboy Mouser, the Hollywood food-faddist (who's riding along for the publicity). Map reading and astro-physics are required subjects.

None of this, however, will avail against Continental guile, knowledge of secret tunnels through the difficult mountain sections, and stop-watches synchronized with the official ones (slightly fast).

Nevertheless there *are* pickings to be had. Minor prizes in the Rally almost outnumber entries, so that each manufacturer can stuff and mount a mud-coated wreck in his West End showroom window and magnetize the crowds with such be-ribboned placards as:

The Strongarm "Whirlwind"—
outright winner for the third
successive year of the Most-
polished Hub-Caps Class at Monte
Carlo! *

* USING THE SAME SWELL OIL YOU
BUY AT THE PUMP

As we leave the proving ground, ashen-faced, it remains only to pass briefly over the physical and mental hazards in store for the obstinate rump of our party still bent on having a bash. These are best appreciated from a stark recital of the record (too long suppressed by the authorities):

Forty-seven per cent of all entrants fail to finish the course.

Two per cent vanish in the *Alpes Maritimes* and are never heard of again.

Ten per cent are wrongly directed by cheering (actually jeering) crowds at Chambéry and end up in a Marseilles *oubliette* after a pitched battle with the gendarmerie.

Three per cent, failing to start at Athens, settle down under Greek names and are conscripted into the Enosis Movement.

Six per cent are crippled for life by frostbite and/or malaria.

Ninety-seven per cent of all drivers, co-drivers and navigators never speak to each other again.

And what do the survivors get to

crown this *Odyssey*? A seven-course foreign banquet British stomachs rightly will not tolerate and a medal to hang on their watch-chains. Next year, say I, let the Monégasques make *their* way to Chorlton-cum-Hardy via South London and the A5 road. They'll be glad of tripe-and-onions when they arrive. And my money goes on a team of six-wheel British Road Services vehicles I followed up there last week—at 13·2 m.p.h.

RONALD COLLIER

"Recently you published a letter from me headed 'Ware the Roads.' As a result an anonymous donor kindly sent £10 for the funds of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, and this was duly acknowledged through your columns.

We have now received another letter from this same donor saying that he or she read the acknowledgment and was pleased to donate a further £10. May I once again express our deep gratitude."—W. P. Hurst, Chief Administrative Superintendent, P.D.S.A. House, Clifford Street, W.1

Your turn, donor.



Observations of a Club Porter

The Members and Mid-Winter

MID-WINTER, sir (said the Club Porter), is a testing time; and it affects the Members variously, very variously indeed. It's a season of low spirits, sir. Some of the Members come out strong: and some come out so weak that, as we say, they can hardly crawl out of the spout. Mr. Holly, now—that's the Mr. Holly who writes for the newspapers about the theatre—he comes out so extra vivacious that you can see some of the Members fairly aching to catch hold of his neck with one hand, and twist his tongue out with the other, as the winter wears on. It's my belief, sir, that it was only one week's fine weather last March

that saved Mr. Holly from being strangled, because of the way he kept the Members' spirits up. He hasn't been so cheerful this winter since Brigadier-General Craddock found him defying adversity and whistling under the "Silence" notice in the Library. The Brigadier-General stole up to him—North-West-Frontier or Pathan fashion—and asked him whether Mrs. Holly, his mother, hadn't been to camp with the Boy Scouts the year he was born, all in a whisper. A nasty whisper the Brigadier-General's got, very nasty indeed.

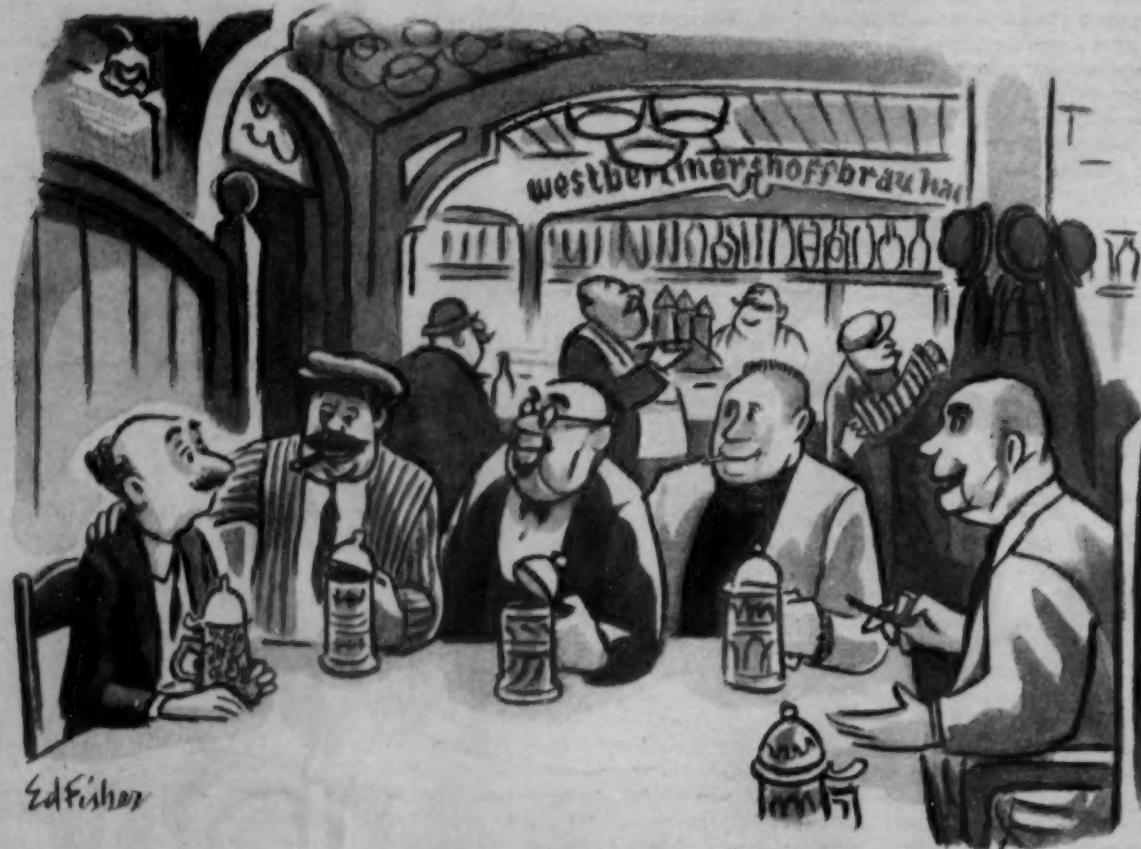
Why "Brigadier-General"? Yes, sir, I'm aware the rank has been abolished. They didn't abolish our Brigadier-

By LIONEL HALE

General Craddock though; and he's what you might call old-fashioned. Votes Labour still and talks about the Oppression of the Masses. Very up-to-date in 1923 was the Brigadier-General. Excuse me, sir, the telephone.

Bentinck Club. Good morning, madam. No, Mr. Dampier-Strange isn't in the club, madam. No, not to-day: nor yesterday. Yes, Mrs. Dampier-Strange, I'll give him that message. Verbatim, madam? Certainly. Good morning . . .

That was Mr. Dampier-Strange, sir, you probably saw stretched out on a sofa in the bar annexe. Yes, sir, the Royal Academician. He'll wake up about lunch time. There's always a little private sweepstake, got up by



"So you see, Gruber, when you defected to the West your Block Chairman, Pflugel here, was held responsible . . . He defected, which was blamed on District Supervisor Kronk, so he defected, which was a black mark against Commissar Olinsky here, which got him to come over, and this made my position at headquarters so extremely awkward that . . ."

some of the Members about who'll be the last to give up celebrating the New Year. The others have dropped out, and Mr. Dampier-Strange is the winning ticket, easy. It was Mr. Petulo won it last year—lasted till early March. You'd like to meet him, sir? He's dead, sir.

Yes, this is a low time of year for the Members, except for Mr. Dampier-Strange. You'd hardly believe to look at 'em how very very jolly, very jolly indeed, they was just a few weeks back. No, sir, the Bentinck Club doesn't decorate for the festive season of Christmas, and the Scottish Members are kept a pretty firm hold of during what they call Hogmanay; but Mr. Holly—that's the vivacious Member, sir—hangs little bits of mistletoe over the older Members' heads when they're asleep. Yes, quite good fun, sir, in a seasonal way. But unsuitable now.

You'd scarcely think from the sort of grey look they've got this week how rosy and Christmassy the Members were those few short weeks back. It's the shopping, I reckon: it's the unaccustomed exercise, and a bit of fresh air up and down Piccadilly and Bond Street, in and out of the shops. Fair cluttered up with parcels, this hall gets. Members seem to be shy, sir, very shy indeed, of the gifts they buy for their ladies, and stow 'em away in that dark corner there till they get round to posting 'em. Shocking busy trade the lingerie shops must do, sir. Mr. Holly took a look this Christmas—very improper, sir, very improper indeed—and tore little bits off the parcels, just to see; and he said that on the Tuesday before Christmas there were at least twenty-five black nightdresses in the Club, and probably more. He wondered who was going to get 'em all.

Careworn the Members look now: carefree they was then. I've seen, this very Christmas, a Parliamentary Under-Secretary and a theatrical Knight down on their hands and knees in this very hall—couldn't resist opening the presents they'd bought for their grandsons. One of 'em was running an electric train to and from the door of the Servants' Staircase, and the other was firing at it with a model of a French seventy-five-millimetre field gun. There was betting, sir, on the hits, in bottles of champagne.

Of course, it's a fair indication of

any Member, sir, what presents he buys at Christmas time, and for whom. Brigadier-General Craddock, now, always comes in with his arms full of rather roughish brown-paper parcels. It was Sir Reginald, who's an old friend of the Brigadier-General's, told me what they are. It's boots and shoes, sir. The Brigadier-General gets all his lady wife's boots and shoes soled and heeled every Christmas.

That's Sir Reginald Knapp, sir: you've probably seen him, a very small gentleman, bundle of energy. Chairman of the Billiards Committee, Chess Committee, Golf Committee, and Investment Advice Committee—and a sort of permanent unofficial adviser to the House Committee, always on at them about the taps in the lavatory basins, and has an eagle eye on a chip in a coffee cup. He made a fortune out of a fruit drink, Sparkling Vigoroso, sir, but he's retired now, and the bar doesn't have to stock that beverage any longer; and Sir Reginald can devote all his energies to the Club. That's him dashing across towards the Guests' Cloakroom now. No, sir, you missed him. You weren't quick enough. Excuse me, sir, the telephone.

Bentinck Club. You are Mr. Dampier-Strange's secretary, miss? No, we haven't seen him. He's got a meeting at noon at the Arts Council, to discuss . . . to discuss what, miss? The Committee—I'll take this down, miss, if I may—to discuss Obscenity in the Plastic Arts and to Protect Freedom of Expression. Yes, I've got that. He represents the Hampstead Art League on that, does he, miss? Indeed. Well, we haven't seen him, but if he looks in I'll tell him. Not at all, miss. I hope you find him. Good-bye . . .

I wonder if I ought to wake Mr. Dampier-Strange up?

Oh, Sir Reginald, if you're going by the bar annexe, would you kindly see if



Mr. Dampier-Strange is awake? Thank you, Sir Reginald . . . That ought to do it. Sir Reginald never flags, sir, never flags. Of all the Members, he seems to stand up best to mid-winter. When the snow came, and the other Members huddled together, like, Sir Reginald just took to galoshes. Seeing most of 'em were disinclined to leave the Club during that kind of weather, Sir Reginald organized a Bridge competition, in pairs, straight away on the spur of the moment. A lot of good friends entered as partners: boon companions, you might say, they were before, but half of 'em haven't spoken to each other since. There's a lot of nasty feeling bred during the winter in the Bridge Room, sir, and I hate sometimes to go through it, the way they sit there glaring at each other. Some devil got into Mr. Holly last week, and he went into the Bridge Room and cut in, just to cheer 'em up. I hear they've reported him to



ROY DAVIS

the Committee, for sitting there in a false nose, and telling 'em over and over that Bridge was only a game.

If I might offer a word of advice, sir, seeing that you're a new member, I should tread wary in mid-winter, tread very wary indeed. Livers don't get straight till round about the end of February or the beginning of March—nor bank-balances either. They complain of the food, round about now especially, and most of all about the

winter greens. You have to watch out for the real bad time—low-water mark for the spirits of the Members, I usually reckon—the time when the celery starts going off. The waiters get fairly to long for spring, sir, and the new lettuces.

But it's a friendly club, the Bentinck, as you'll find. We all have our little ways, and perhaps they're more noticeable in mid-winter, owing to the lowness of the natural resistance. The

Brigadier-General, now—try not to let him get on to the Tolpuddle Martyrs. He heard about Trades Unions rather late in life, sir, and fairly went wild in their favour. He called Sir Reginald "a bloated blasted capitalist" the other day: under his breath it was, but under the Brigadier-General's breath is at the top of any other Member's voice. It was all due to mid-winter, sir. He was thinking of the little children still trudging through the snow in bare feet, to go down and work fourteen hours a day in the coal mines.

Put it all down to the time of year, sir. You'll enjoy Mr. Dampier-Strange's conversation in a few weeks, when he comes round again, so to say. That'll be the light at the end of the mid-winter tunnel. You're a new member here, sir, but you'll learn: I do assure you, you'll learn.

S S

"THE ECCLESIASTICAL COLLECTION. The Archbishop, immense semi-double, deep purple; The Bishop, rosy-purple; The Cardinal, deep rose-red; The Dean, rich carmine-pink; The Rector, claret-red; The Sexton, bright clear blue. 3s. each."

From a gardening advertisement

Any pale curates?

Ode to Old Boys' Rugby

OLD Albanians, first alphabetically
(Hardly, if truth be told, leading statistically),
Grant we acclaim Old Alleynians,
Seldom this season discomfited;

Then Old Bancroftians (if Old Azurians
Yield them the prior place, saving our prosody)
Hitherto almost invincible;
Unlike the Old Cantabrigians,

Who with more points to their debtor than creditor
Face a position resembling El Alamein,
Needing Montgomery counter-strokes.
So do the Old Caterhamians,

Whilst Old Cooperians, well past their century,
Find Old Creightonians leading them handsomely.
Praise for the same, Old Dixonians.
Let us console Old Dunstonians.

Do Old Edwardians still take the rugger field?
Can, more surprisingly, Old Elizabethans?
Where shall we find Old Victorians?
Not just above Old Wandsworthians.

So runs this roll-call of classical suffixes.
Only infrequently do Old Emanuel,
Old Haberdashers or Citizens
Ring mediaeval carillons.

Old Merchant Taylors, alike heteronymous,
Twixt Old Masonians and Old Mid-Whitgiftians,
Seem to be dogged by adversity.
Not so the Old Redingensians.

Old Verulamians, Old Wimbledoniens,
Adding sonorously opportune syllables,
Close this euphonious galaxy,
Worthy the lyre of a Pindarus.

R. A. PIDDINGTON

Outlook for India

By D. F. KARAKA



BOMBAY

Y bearer, Makan Premji, has been reading the newspapers again. As a result he announced last week apropos of nothing: "Outlook for India very bright!" He had obviously memorized the headline of an editorial of a Congress party paper, the party of Mr. Nehru.

This bald prediction of India's future needed clarification, and I asked him what was the basis of his sweeping conclusion.

"It is saying so in papers," he replied, quoting his authority.

"Who is saying so?" I asked.

This is when we entered into one of those master and servant discussions which have become a feature of my household ever since India achieved freedom.

He informed me that it was said in the papers that India's Finance Minister Shri Chintaman Deshmukh had made a speech in the Indian Parliament (Lok Sabha) in which he said that within a few years there would be "Jobs For All." I asked Makan what reason he had to believe that what Shri Chintaman Deshmukh said would come to pass.

Makan was at the time engaged in removing my shoes and, as is the Indian custom, massaging my tired feet at the end of a day's work. He suspended operations, threw up his hands and said "Not believing Honourable Shri Chintaman Deshmukh?" Then with a knowledgeable look he added "Shri Deshmukh most othentick man. One-time Shri Deshmukh is Sir-Knight of British Goremant and British not making Sir-Knight for nothing. Must be othentick."

We delved farther into the Indian Finance Minister's outlook for India. I gathered from Makan Premji that by 1961 there would be twelve million additional jobs in India, though when Makan said it he seemed to add a few more zeros to his figure.

"But won't that cost a lot of money?" I asked.

"Too much money," Makan replied, and so it was. According to the Finance Minister the scheme would involve a rough outlay of Rs. 50,000,000,000.

"And does Shri Deshmukh say from where all this money will come?" I asked.

"Not saying definitely," Makan replied, "but I am hearing in bazaar that Pandit Nehru is only require to make one 'phone call to bank manager and money is arriving by next post."

"Which bank?"

"Whirl Bank," Makan was quick in reply.

I was a little staggered at the broad scope of his information, and allowing for slight inaccuracies I realized that he now had a firm grip not only on the economic situation in the country but also on the financial and international.

As speeches in Parliament were under discussion at the foot-massage session that evening, I inquired of Makan whether he had also acquainted himself with the recent all-important pronouncement of the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, that his government was to establish a "classless and casteless" socialist society in India. Makan said the matter had already come to his notice through "his paper."

Then he thought for a while and blandly commented: "But all bogus."

I thought this was a somewhat harsh comment on the weighty pronouncement of India's Prime Minister. But Makan justified himself by saying "Few weeks back in Rewa district someone is throwing dinner party and saying food will to be cooked by Untouchables and inviting

best-best Congress members to dinner function and what is happening?"

"What is happening?" I repeated.

"Of course all good-class Hindus refusing to eat point-blank and complaining to Pandit Nehru immediately."

A statement in Parliament was one thing. But, as Makan explained, "you can't do that there 'ere."

• •

"PEACE RETURNS TO CYPRUS
CHURCH PROTESTS"

Manchester Guardian

Must keep militant, naturally.



The New Diplomacy

IT was not to be expected (wrote Lord Nutting in his *Diplomacy in the Twentieth Century*) that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's innovations could long go unnoticed in official circles overseas. When Mr. MacDonald allowed himself to be photographed rubbing noses with a lady in New Guinea, there was some head-shaking on the part of those timorous spirits who are never able to see beyond



New Guinea
Her Majesty's Commissioner presents his credentials

an apparently frivolous action to the deeper spiritual significance enshrined in it; but when, shortly after, the newspapers carried pictures of the Commissioner-General for South-East Asia taking part in what appeared to be a game of ritual leapfrog, doubts were relaxed. MacDonald had held his post for five years when these vagaries first began to be reported, and before that he had been High Commissioner in Canada and Governor-General of Malaya and British Borneo, so he evidently had the Queen's confidence. Might it not be that, in this century of the common diplomat, this new democratic method of going half-way to meet local custom was, as one forward-looking Ambassador observed, "as good for British prestige as it apparently is for the liver"?

Initially, the difficulty in trying out the new procedure lay in the strongly international habit of existing diplomatic procedure. When Her Majesty's Ambassador in Washington received the President of the United States with an upraised arm, a sepulchral "How!"

and the offer of a pipe of peace, the President was too astonished to make any rejoinder more appropriate than "Golly!" Later in the day, when the meaning of his unconventional welcome had become clearer to him, he had a smudge-fire lighted on the lawn before the White House, and himself assisted, with a damp blanket taken from the bed of a guest-room, in the transmission of several brief messages of a strictly non-secret character. The staff at the British Embassy mistook these communications for the smoke made by burning restricted documents at a time of crisis, and a number of compromising files were committed to the boiler-fires before confirmatory written copies of the messages made the true situation clear.

After this slight contretemps it was decided that British representatives abroad should not embrace local practices on official occasions unless those to be entertained had been warned in advance that these practices were to be employed, and a short description of the custom to be followed telegraphed to the Foreign Office for approval. This ruling undoubtedly avoided a great deal of misunderstanding, since some of the local customs alleged to have been observed by ambassadorial staffs and proposed to be taken into use by British diplomats abroad bore more signs of acute observation than of good taste. The method of paying honour to lady guests suggested by the British Embassy in Paris, to mention only one, was unconventional in the extreme by diplomatic standards.

The new etiquette—the "MacDonald Protocol," as it soon grew to be known—was first tried out in Cairo, where it was felt a young and vigorous government would be receptive of new ideas. At an official reception for Major Salem and some representatives of his department, the Assistant Air Attaché was instructed to remove his uniform and his shirt and to perform a dance for the delectation of his guests, wearing only his underpants. The Egyptians were quick to see the compliment paid them, and in



The Quai d'Orsay
A diplomatic démarche to a lady très bien placée

the mood of complaisance that followed readily consented to a revised version of the 1954 Anglo-Egyptian agreement, in which Britain surrendered such rights as she had retained in the Canal Zone and agreed also to the stationing of Egyptian troops in the Thames delta.

Teheran was the scene of the next experiment; the British Ambassador to the Shah, bearing in mind the meteoric success of the former Persian Premier Dr. Moussadek, announced that in future he would transact all official business from his bed. The sight of this brawny diplomat prostrate on his couch, the endless flow of tears from his eyes stimulated from time to time by means of an onion held beneath the bedclothes,



Teheran
The oil wells are bedded back to Anglo-Iranian

was sufficient to startle the Persians into precipitate action that led to Britain being relieved of her heavy responsibilities in the Persian oilfields far sooner than they would have believed possible.

The success of the Ambassador was all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the Foreign Office was at first inclined to turn his suggestions down as being insufficiently characteristic of the Persian way of life.



Cairo
The Sudan is danced back into the British Empire

Luckily, His Excellency's argument, that a judicious selection from what is most effective in a nation's behaviour is better than a blind following of what appears to be most prevalent, was reinforced by an unhappy affair in Buenos Aires which blew up about that time. There, in the absence of the Ambassador on leave, it was decided to offer some of the younger members of the Embassy typing staff for sale on the white-slave market. Sharp questions were asked in Parliament by Mr. Warbey and Mr. Wyatt, and a scandal was narrowly averted. Fortunately I was able to conciliate the Opposition, as I had conciliated many more formidable foes, by a promise to compensate the South American business men who had complained that contracts had been made and subsequently broken.

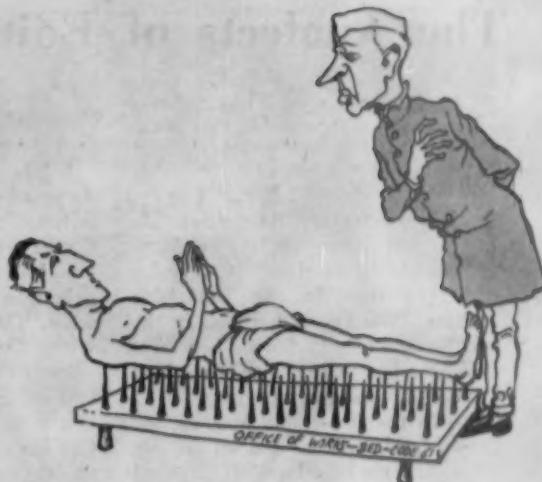
Despite this setback, it was now clear that the new methods of diplomacy had come to stay, and Foreign Office trainees

found their training methods changed very considerably from what they had been used to. Emphasis was now less upon foreign languages and the niceties of precedence, and more upon physical fitness and the conduct of amorous proclivities in such directions, however unorthodox, as prevailed in the lands to which they were posted; less upon the necessity for snow-white linen and impeccably-creased trousers as upon underwear fresh and free from darts; less upon courtly manners as upon terpsichorean agility. A new type of diplomat began to appear, more in keeping with the spirit of our democratic age.

The MacDonald Protocol spread rapidly from that time onwards, not only in the Diplomatic Service but in every office where friendly contact with overseas nations had to be made. In Delhi the High Commissioner, after a protracted retreat to a remote monastery where he studied the theory and practice of yoga, would frequently receive visitors standing on his head, sealed in a lead-lined coffin, or lying on a plank studded with red-hot nails. Relations improved rapidly. In South Africa the British Military Attaché greeted a somewhat dark-skinned guest with the words "Damn nigger, eh?" and a thwack with his walking-stick. The South Africans took him to their hearts.

But it was on results in Russia that the new policy must stand or fall, and it is as yet too early to say what those results might be. At first, when it was considered that the only need was for gargantuan banquets at which toasts were offered every thirty seconds until everyone present fell helplessly under the table, little progress was made, as the leader of any Russian delegation being entertained always proved to have a duodenal ulcer which prevented him from taking more than an occasional sip of light Caucasian wine; and so, subsequently, without the slightest equivocation, did the British Ambassador.

Later it was realized that there are



New Delhi
Mr. Nehru is persuaded to hand Kashmir over to Pakistan

other significant factors in Russian national life than an excessive consumption of vodka. What improvement may be looked for in Anglo-Russian relations following the appointment to Moscow of Sir Patrick Healey-Kay, professionally known as Anton Dolin, it would be rash at this moment to forecast. Certainly it is one of the most daring diplomatic appointments yet announced, and the first to have been influenced directly by the new policy introduced by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald.

B. A. YOUNG



Moscow
Volta is avenged

The Analects of Edith

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Dr. Edith Summerskill told a meeting that she was so impressed by the Chinese philosophy that if she could have a family in the next world she would bring all the children up as Confucians.

1. The Doctor said, In the next life I will bring up my children according to the Way. Hi-Lo said, We read in the Intolerable Maxims, Who knows but that in the next life she may be born a hen? Yet even for a hen there is a right way and a wrong way to bring up eggs.

2. In the Intolerable Maxims, the Doctor said, we are bidden to pay attention to the Four Lovely Things and to put away from us the Four Ugly Things. The Four Lovely Things are to get something for nothing—to do other people down—to get other people to do your work for you and to see your name in the newspapers. The Four Ugly Things are four of my colleagues on the Front Bench whom it would be contrary to the Ritual to name.

3. They asked the Doctor whether the company of those of the Way at their annual conference was not very dull and whether she did not find it boring. The Doctor said, I should have done if I had not been there myself.

4. The Doctor said, [A gentleman] is superior to all feelings of colour. It makes no difference to him whether the person with whom he is dealing is black or white, yellow or brown, so long

only as she is a voter in his constituency. Nevertheless, said Hi-Lo, gentlemen prefer blondes.

5. The Doctor said, You must pay the moral price. Hi-Lo was glad when he heard her say this, for he had feared that he would have to pay cash.

6. Hi-Lo asked whether Tzu was the right man to put into office as Chancellor. The Doctor said, It goes without saying. Tzu is efficient. Hi-Lo asked whether Chu was the right man to put into office as Home Secretary. The Doctor said, It goes without saying. Chu has culture. Hi-Lo asked whether Shi was the right man to put into office as Minister of Defence. The Doctor said, It goes without saying. Shi has affability. Hi-Lo asked whether Herbert was the right man to put into office as Foreign Secretary. The Doctor said, It goes without saying. Herbert has drive. Att Lee said, Golly, what a crew!

7. The Doctor said of Another One, Though he, too, is a doctor, he was not an unfit person to choose as a husband. He keeps quiet and does not try to get into the newspapers.

8. Is it right to give arms to the peoples on the mainland so that they can resist aggression? The answer, say the Intolerable Maxims, is Yes and No.

9. Is it right to impose new controls on the people's industries? The answer, say the Intolerable Maxims, is Yes and No.

10. When the Doctor went to a foreign land, one of the rulers of that land gave her a bouquet of flowers. The ruler was not of the Way, but nevertheless the Doctor accepted the flowers. The Doctor said, The cultured person accepts what she can get.

11. When the men of the Way hold their Expulsion Rite the Doctor puts on her court dress and stands on the Eastern steps. The Doctor said, He who would enter the Inner Room must tread the party Way. But it is necessary not to appear too eager. [A song] says

*The hen-pheasant of the Lower House
Knows how to bide its time, bide its time!
When Att Lee made it an offering,
It sniffed three times and said, No,
thank you.*

12. The Doctor said, He who pushes in the face of another with a boxing-glove is exceedingly unrefined. Would it not be more cultured that he should spend his time playing at an intellectual game such as chess?

13. The Duke of Chou addressed the Duke of Lu, saying [A gentleman] never discards his comrades, nor does he ever give occasion to his chief retainers to chafe at not being used. None who has been in the service does he ever suffer to be dismissed—least of all himself. He will not permit one man to do another man's task. They had both just been elected shop stewards and had been ennobled in the List of Honours of the New Year.

14. The Doctor said to the Duke of Chou and the Duke of Lu,
*You who with your four limbs do not
toil,*

Who do not sift the five grains
are parasites. She did not know that
they belonged to the party of the Way
and had to apologize.

15. Hi-Lo collected rice from all his neighbours. Then he gave the rice back to them and said that he had increased their benefits under the social services. The people said, Hi-Lo increased our pensions. The people also said, Hi-Lo took away our rice from us. When they came to ask the Doctor which was right, she said, I must have notice of that question.

16. The Doctor said, Is that Grosvenor 5720? But it wasn't. They had given her the wrong number.



"The only way we'll really get things moving is by a complete stoppage, but at present we must concentrate on speeding up the slowdown"



OLD proverbs never die, however often they are discredited. Headmistresses hotly affirm that in their school it is the exceptions which break the rules; parents know, or soon learn, that he who pays the piper is not expected to call the tune.

Indeed, any mother who has sought audience with a headmistress with the idea of suggesting a few simple variations on the old themes knows how skilfully these are dismissed. She will have jotted down on an old envelope some rough notes such as "Monotony of school meals—effect on figure of pudding called Stodge." To set things on a good-humoured basis (and incidentally to show that she, too, was once educated) she playfully twists a French proverb: *Plus on mange, plus c'est la même chose*. But the headmistress will receive this sally in the same spirit, if not in the same words, as those of the literary hostess to the young man who had been reading French poetry aloud: "How wise of you not to attempt the French accent." The parent has put the ball at her feet. The game will from now on be played from the School side of the desk—Head first.

Nevertheless, it is a long worm that has no turning, and the day may come when parents who make appointments will not only be seen but also heard. Against that day it is worth thinking about school uniforms. This is the one subject in which the mother is dead certain she is more knowledgeable than the staff; those at the receiving end, she feels, have no idea what is gone through to present daughters at school, term after term, or even day after day, in the impeccable condition expected. The task, she believes, could be immeasurably lightened (and the result vastly improved) if a more progressive view were taken; the School, to borrow a phrase, could do better if it tried.

It is not that parents are against

uniforms. On the contrary; the more strict the clothes discipline the better. Most particularly for the more slothsome schoolgirls, who would otherwise go all to bits and pieces. There must, indeed, be no chink in the blue serge armour. It is merely that blue serge, as a material for school clothes, is an anachronism. Like the schoolgirl complexion, serge suffers from spots and shine; it is not nearly as warm as tweed, as worsted, as flannel; nor as uncreasable nor as brushable. There are a hundred better materials, and none worse. And with the blue serge inevitably go the velour hats; wide-brimmed innocents which blow off in the wind, are made shapeless by rain, and are extremely expensive to replace.

As anachronistic as the blue serge is the checked or striped gingham of school summer frocks. Gingham's reputation for freshness was founded when laundries, or old Mrs. Robins, starched it. Unstarched, as more often than not to-day, gingham is limp and listless; and it isn't even as cheap as it looks. At a recent dress show of cottons for children and schoolgirls, gingham made no appearance at all. There was piqué—a charming diversity of piqué, with navy looking smartest. There were uncrushable woven cottons, there were poplins; and, crispest and freshest of all, there were everglaze cottons. Materials of substance are needed for schoolgirls who do not wear petticoats. Dresses were yoked, and had deep, unpressed pleats from the waist, giving a becoming fullness—very different from the skimpy pleats and feeble flairs of regulation ginghams which do nothing to ease the schoolgirl silhouette.

Credit, however, where credit is due: to Cheltenham Ladies' College, for example, for their lovat green tailored suits and overcoats, their matching unbound felt hats without school-bands; all perfectly possible for holiday wear.

Cheltenham girls are allowed to use powder and lipstick as soon as they reach years of indiscretion (which are reached long before Advanced Level). This may tend, one imagines, to make them look savage beyond their years . . . but the whole subject of make-up for schoolgirls is dynamite; to-day's topic, or target, is clothes.

Distinction to Westonbirt, for their grey flannel suits, over which are worn, instead of overcoats, plum red cloaks with hats to match. These cloaks, distinguished and becoming to all shapes and sizes, are also very practical; for they are not grown out of—burst out of—as overcoats are. Many schools have cloaks for wearing over games clothes and watching matches—Queen Anne's Caversham in handsome crimson—but only Westonbirt have street cloaks for travelling à la Vogue.

At Berkhamsted, suits are still called costumes. They are navy blue serge, like



Newison

those of Wycombe Abbey, Roedean, and all too many others. Yet the school colour is green, so it is green velour hats. Old-style pleated green tunics go under navy overcoats; brown shoes and stockings complete the problem picture. Roedean, one of the last schools to wear black stockings, has now gone to the other extreme and sports bare legs with white ankle socks all the year round, however large the leg, however old the girl, and even for travelling—which is odd, to say the best of it.

Nevertheless, looking back on all our yesterdays, "some good progress has been made." Right up to the nineteen-thirties, on summer Sundays at Sherborne, the girls wore white serge coats and skirts, or alternatively white dresses under long white overcoats, with dark

brown shoes and stockings; for evening, white silk dresses and shawls. To-day Sherborne's headmistress can regard her sensibly brown tweed-suited girls with peculiar satisfaction; for she herself was a Sherborne girl in the white serge days of yore.

In London, Queen's College adds a modern motif to a traditional blue serge outfit: worn with the tunica, instead of girdles, are contemporary elastic clasps-belts; and in the thickness of these belts are woven small zip-fastened purses, so that no money is left in overcoats or satchels. St. Paul's, over the last decade, has been a good example of the bad effect of insufficiently comprehensive uniforms; now it is "showing some improvement." Norland Place, on the other hand, has a turn-out which could

not be bettered: thick grey tweed overcoats, grey unbound felt hats, grey pullovers and skirts, pale blue shirt-blouses. These blouses, like the blue-striped everyday ones of Wycombe Abbey, strike an immediate response in parents grown weary of the monstrous tyranny of white poplin.

Blouses designed as *shirts*, with good long tails for tucking in, instead of elastic waists for rucking up, were shown at the School Age Clothing Fair held at the Royal Festival Hall. This was a trade show; but there were so many sound ideas, so much good designing, that next year it should be visited by parents and headmistresses too.

There were collarless blazers. Worn with the shirt collar pulled out over the cardigan neckline, these look most neat and—bull point!—how much more hygienic for the neck to rub on fresh cotton than on the collar of a blazer. There were raincoats with attached, but detachable, hoods—an idea so reasonable it should be routine. There were detachable fleece linings to buy separately and button into any raincoat to give it topcoat warmth; and there were raincoats with Kerb Drill rules woven into the name labels and Road Safety Club badges to wear in the lapel. These badges, made of "scotchlite," reflect back the beam of headlights like miniature "cats' eyes" when children are walking home on country roads.

There were laceless tennis shoes and crinkled nylon ankle-socks, stretchy and elastic; there was uncrushable jersey, a modish material for warm afternoon frocks; there were fabrics which do not need ironing; there were skirts with permanent pleats. And there was a new adjustable zip-fas-ener, which ensures that "whatever the waist size in relation to other measurements, immediate adjustment to fit is possible." This must mean immediately after school dinner, when it's Stodge for pudding again.

ALISON ADBURGHAM



Calling Somerset House

"It was also congratulation time for Mr. Herbert Morrison, who announced yesterday that he is to marry 40-years-old Miss Edith Meadowcroft . . ."—*Daily Herald*

"The engagement is to be announced at Christmas of 45-year-old Miss Edith Meadowcroft and . . ."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*

"Miss Meadowcroft, who is 47, was born in . . ."—*Manchester Guardian*





Five Men and a Memorandum

By H. F. ELLIS

ACLOAK of anonymity traditionally veils the Departmental publications issued by H.M. Stationery Office. The precise details of authorship of the eagerly awaited "Memorandum on the Design and Construction of Police Stations," now available at the moderate price of one-and-sixpence net, must for ever remain obscure. But it is possible, and may be not unprofitable, to hazard some observations on the manner in which this treatise has been put together.

Collaboration there has certainly been. Ample internal evidence exists in the Memorandum itself that more than one hand has been engaged not merely in

the planning but in the actual writing of the finished production. Just as Homeric scholars have sought to trace, through divergencies of language, of style, of culture, the addition of successive interpolations to the original text of the *Iliad*, so here the revisions, the clarifications, the *obiter dicta* superimposed upon the original draft by a number of hands may by diligence be revealed.

In sum these additions and interpolations are not great, though their importance is considerable. The bulk of the Memorandum remains the work

of a single hand, almost certainly that of the original drafter. The personality of this Basic Author shines out clearly through the official phraseology. A thorough but not an unkindly man, he is aware of the responsibilities of the Home Office, yet always sensible of the susceptibilities, the *amour propre*, of the local bodies for whose guidance he is writing. "The design and construction of police stations requires the co-operation of many parties," he observes (a rare grammatical lapse) at the beginning of Chapter I; and always present in his mind is the fact that the local Watch Committee, the Chief Constable, the Borough Treasurer and the Town Clerk, with their advisers, architects and borough engineers, together form a body of experienced opinion that may well have views of its own on the fittings required in a section clothing store or the most suitable material for draining-boards in the sculleries of Divisional Headquarters Stations. The Memorandum, he roundly declares, is "in no sense an attempt to fetter the discretion of police authorities who wish to provide buildings for their Forces." That is finely said. On the other hand, *some* guidance is plainly necessary, if the plans of the local authority are not to be thrown out root and branch when the time comes to submit them to the Secretary of State for approval.

Clearly there is a problem here, a need to steer carefully between the Scylla of too much dictation and the Charybdis of too little. This problem the Basic Author faces with tact and discretion. Typical of his balanced approach is the note "Shelving as required," repeated against such items as Crockery Store and Dry Goods Store in the section devoted to Scales of Accommodation in Amenity Rooms. Experience has shown that Chief Constables and their architects, if left to themselves, frequently forget about shelves, with consequent damage to crockery; yet to dictate the length of shelving, optimum height above floor-level, etc., would smell of over-centralization and grandmotherly interference. "Shelving as required" is the perfect compromise. Note also the method used when calling attention to the need for sterilizing-arrangements in



"The plane's a DC7C, madam, but the crew's British, every man Jack of us."

the Surgeon's Room. The Basic Author contents himself with a brief "Some means for boiling water," leaving the choice of apparatus, e.g. gas ring or electric, type of kettle, etc., to the unfettered discretion of the local body.

Unfortunately the heavy hand of the First Interpolator has undone much of the good achieved by the tactful work of the Basic Author. The precise position of this Interpolator in the Home Office hierarchy presents some difficulty. Were he senior to the Basic Author his foppish mentality, with its insistence on petty details about hat-pegs, might be expected to obtrude itself at every stage in the schedules. Were he junior, the Basic Author would certainly have deleted most, if not all, of his tiresome interjections. The solution must be that the two are of equivalent rank, the Interpolator perhaps agreeing to say nothing about the provision of pigeon-holes for typists, on condition that Fixed racks for pots and pans were added to the Scullery schedule. Whatever the method of collaboration, the influence of this First Interpolator has been wholly for the bad. At his worst, as in his comment that drying equipment is required in the Drying Room, or his contemptible "and roller-towel fixture" tagged on to his colleague's straightforward "wash-basin" in the schedule for Staff Cloakrooms, he cannot fail to give grave offence in the provinces.

Over the Second Interpolator it is unnecessary to linger. His brusque annotations on Billiards Rooms ("Not justified for less than 10 persons") and Bar and Liquor Store ("Not required for less than 20 persons") stamp him as a Finance officer, not below the rank of Senior Chief Executive. The Third Interpolator, or Semi-colon Man, provides a more interesting study. Observe the interpolated portions (indicated by *italics*) in the following sentences:

(1) "Whenever possible, a site which needs little preparation should be chosen; *inevitably choice will be limited to some extent in an urban area.*"

(2) "In such a case roads and hard standings should not be made before they are used; *the spare land can be kept under grass.*"

(3) "There should be space for cupboards; *stationery and forms in frequent use will require to be kept near the counter.*"

At once the picture emerges of a neat,

rather precise man in his late fifties, turning a pencil over and over in his well-cared-for hands as he reads methodically through the final draft of the Memorandum. Of high rank, perhaps a Principal, he has an air of quiet, unflustered deliberation, as he leans forward and, in his clear Italian hand, interpolates one of his characteristic "rounding-off" thoughts in the typescript, not forgetting to alter the original full point to a semi-colon. Sometimes, as in (1) and (2) above the thought itself is the important thing. At other times, as perhaps in (3) and certainly in the following from the Appendix on Cells

(4) "The door should be of steel; *it may open inwards or outwards as preferred*"

he seems to be concerned more with euphony than sense. He is conscious of a harshness, an abruptness, in the sentence as it originally stood.

Whether it is necessary to posit a Fourth Interpolator to account for one or two egregious aphorisms scattered throughout the Memorandum is a point on which critics may disagree. Certainly neither

"Easy access to the garages and workshops will be an advantage," nor

"The need for economy will inevitably call for restraint, but may also provide an opportunity for originality" can be the work of the Basic Author, or of the First or Second Interpolators. Can they be attributed to the Third? So far as style and content and a certain almost Greek "inevitability" go, the theory has much to recommend it. But the absence of semi-colons is, in the present reviewer's opinion, conclusive. These last interpolations were



in all probability written at Assistant Under-Secretary level.

Be that as it may, the intervention of yet one more hand can be established beyond doubt. That part of the instruction on Cell Doors, which leaves the question of their opening inwards or outwards to the discretion of Chief Constables, has already been attributed, with some confidence, to the Semi-colon Man. But the phrase following immediately thereafter is in an altogether different class. It is surely legitimate to assume that the words

"A secure lock is essential" were added by the Minister himself.

Big Brothers: Little Sister

Miss Marilyn Monroe, tired of her present rôles, says she would like to play in "The Brothers Karamazov."

MISS MONROE wants—Friends! Take your hats off!—

To play in Brothers Karamazov.

Come, turn the pages. Let's begin

To choose a part for Marilyn.

Here's Katerina Ivanovna! No? Grushenka then? She'd rather be Monroe! Hard work's ahead. Could Dostoevsky speak, He'd show us how to deal with strip technique.

LAWRENCE BENEDICT

MASTERPIECES OF VICTORIAN ART RESTORED



THE FIRST OF ENGLAND

Norman Manbridge

After "The Last Of England" by F. M. Brown

INVESTMENT WITHOUT FEARS
EARLY in 1954 Wall Street launched a new scheme to encourage "popular" investment, a buy-shares-out-of-wages plan to attract the savings of upper income-bracket factory and office workers. Americans were invited to cut themselves a piece of the boom without undermining their financial status or mortgaging their future.

The scheme was lavishly advertised and praised by the leader-writers, got away to a fair start, and has been running steadily for nearly a year, but the spectacular progress promised by its originators has not materialized. The number of new investors is disappointing, and their monthly instalments, averaging about \$50 per account, contribute only a droplet to Wall Street's insatiable bucket.

This experiment has been watched with more than academic interest by the "City," for popular investment—a boom-time luxury in the United States—may soon become a necessity in Britain, where the social set-up becomes increasingly egalitarian and the wells of middle-class finance continue to dry up. In the City it is at last being recognized that the little man—yes, you, reader!—

will have to play his part in the provision of risk capital: either that or investment will eventually become the exclusive province of the great tycoon institutions (the insurance companies and banks) and the Government, and it is no use blinking the fact that some people would welcome such a development as a prelude to (a) the abolition of the Stock Exchange, (b) the funnelling of all investment through a Government-controlled board, (c) the inception of a system of economic communism

and (d) Utopia.

The choice is as simple as that. Unfortunately the small saver has neither the know-how nor the whereabouts to dabble successfully in equities. Investment can be a costly business even when the dabbler breaks even in terms of luck and judgment, and an essential preliminary to any scheme of popular investment is the reduction of administrative costs, charges and commission. But the chief snag—as the saver sees it—is that the jump from complete, near-as-dammit, security (offered by the P.O. Savings Bank, Savings Certs., Trustee Savings Banks, and Building Societies) to the glorious uncertainty of private industrial investment is much too wide. Small savers would welcome a *little*

risk and the chance of winning a decent divi, but they don't fancy the *big* risk tied up in every slim portfolio. Their savings are rainy-day capital, and our weather is notoriously fickle.

Well, shares-by-instalments schemes are now being tried in this country. Last summer the Whitehead Industrial Trust began to sell shares against monthly cash payments, and in the autumn Municipal and General Securities opened savings accounts for small investors prepared to acquire units of the "M and G" General Trust Fund. Earlier the Orthodox Unit Trust had tried out a bold scheme to sell its units in the factories, but this experiment had limited success. The workers showed little enthusiasm, and managements expressed doubts about the effects of possible depreciation on internal industrial relations.

The present efforts, though worthy, are not good enough, neither large enough nor sufficiently imaginative. Some day Throgmorton Street will have to put on its thinking-cap and find ways and means of making equities attractive and painless to the small investor. It is likely that the answer will be found in the Unit Trust principle, but success will not be achieved until the terms of participation are as comprehensible and clear-cut to the little man with big ideas as those of the football pools.

MAMMON



ROTATION OF PLOTS

TO live in the country is to sit on a roundabout; everything revolves, the months, the seasons, the year, and you too. There is so much repetition that it is difficult to distinguish the new year from the old year as one turns the pages of the fields, a diary for anyone to read. Ploughing, a clean page; sowing, a hopeful entry; weeds, our indiscretions; the harvest, our disappointment.

And one doesn't need a particularly long memory either to be aware of other cycles. If you drive through our village you'll see all the signs, fourteen signs to be precise. The wheel has turned again, as it does once in twenty years.

In 1938 a hundred-acre farm could be bought for £3,000. By 1945 the same piece of mud could be acquired, if you were lucky, at £13,000. Certainly several tons of cement would have been spread over the barn floors, and an

occasional w.c. installed. No doubt too, the place had acquired a T.T. licence and could boast of one or two other galvanized improvements. Such prices stayed pretty firm until 1950.

Those were the glorious days when we had all the sahibs returning from India, falling over themselves for a smallholding and paying a deposit before they'd looked at the thatch or assessed the water supply.

Even after that source of suckers dried up there were several ex-Naval officers with gratuities coming along. But by the beginning of last year the bottom fell out of our "Gentleman's Farm, 50 acres" racket.



It became quite difficult to flog a workman's cottage for much over £1,000, and even then one had to scrap the earth closet to make the price.

But now it's quite another story: the boards are up, fourteen of them. Both the Hall and the Grange are hopefully waiting to be bought as prep-schools. Four houses are available as desirable guest-houses. Even the local pub's for sale. And if things don't improve we shall see farm labourers moving into cottages and farmers into farms. I shouldn't be surprised if the owners are not driven into public auctions, when we shall each buy our own hovels back at a tenth of the price we sold them for.

As the local agent says: "What's wanted here is a little more Mau Mau there. If a few of those settlers in Kenya could be persuaded to return, bidding would soon pick up, and you might even sell the Hermitage again."

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Bran-Tub

READER: What can I read? I feel too lazy to break the ice of a classic. Locke on *Human Understanding* stays shut. So does Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Tell me, gentle Reviewer, how I can be comforted and entertained without feeling lowbrow.

READER: If you call me "gentle" you'll get me sacked. Fearless and discriminating, please. I'm sorry you won't be able to tell me the best bits in *Polyolbion*. I've never tackled it for fear of feeling all the time it was distracting me from *The Lusiads*. And vice versa. Do you think Mr. Maugham would pot *Polyolbion* if he received enough requests?

READER: He might pot *Le Roman de la Rose* if Miss Nancy Mitford asked him to, though how he would react to the same request from Miss Nancy Spain . . .

READER: It is much easier to get confused over Christian names than surnames. It used to be Marjorie and Elizabeth Bowen. Can it now be Nancy Mitford and ditto Spain?

READER: The Naomis are worse: Mitchison, Jacob, Lewis, Royd-Smith.

READER: And the Dereks: Leon, Standford, Patmore, Hudson, Verschoyle, Walker-Smith.

READER: He's B.B.C., not literature.

READER: Is *Out of Step* forgotten? Presumably, since he's Chairman of whatever they call the 1922 Committee now, it is.

READER: You're treating my question frivolously. I wanted a serious recommendation of frivolous literature. That's quite different.

READER: I hope I never become serious about levity, like those puzzled men the Weeklies get in to do quick surveys of the Christmas Funny Books. I suppose the qualification is willingness to read fourteen books fast. Do you remember poor Frank Hauser? I think he was the B.B.C.'s relief highbrow while Macneice was in Athens. He tried so hard I used to

feel sorry for him and wish they'd give him some novels about the disintegration of American Relief Executives to restore his belief in the earnest. However, the only reason for one human being to recommend books to another is to arouse awe. What about Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*?

READER: Have you read it yourself?

READER: Not since adolescence. Don't suggest we read it together.



READER: Agreed, no suicide pacts. All I want is a few straightforward recommendations of agreeable oddments.

READER: Your attitude to literature is obviously far too shallow to make any labour like looking through back reviews or notebooks worth while. I'll just pass on to you any odd titles that occur to me. Try P. T. Barnum's *Struggles and Triumphs*. It is full of practical jokes and praise from the famous and wonderful publicity ideas and solid commercial moralizing. Whether you are picking yourself up after the crash of your credit or trying to introduce a dwarf to Royalty this is the book for you. Make sure you get the illustrations. Then you must include some legal reminiscences, the older ones before the Bar got mealy-mouthed and fawning to the Bench. *The Experiences of Serjeant Ballantine* are fun. He knew all kinds of people and saw no reason to suppress his opinion of any of them. Do you know Oscar Browning's two autobiographical volumes?

READER: That tuft-hunter?

READER: Of course he was an ass, but a distinguished ass. You laugh at him all through, but you are never quite sure that he's not laughing with you. He was always a wily and versatile entertainer. Kenny's *Outlines of Criminal Law* is amusing and quite intelligible to the non-lawyer, whatever it may be to the lawyer. Good footnotes.

READER: I've suddenly recognized your expression. You're going to recommend Daphne du Maurier's *Gerald again*.

READER: It's as good as Smith's *Nollekens* and only a little below Hogg's *Shelley*.

READER: I have read it. I agree it's vivid and makes the actor probable by describing the weaknesses of the man; but I've always thought you overpraise it. There wasn't enough in du Maurier to provide a great biography.

READER: What an extraordinary theory. Surely the greatness of Hogg's *Shelley* is not due to the greatness of Shelley but the greatness of Hogg. In fact Hogg never grasped the extent of Shelley's powers at all.

READER: What about a novel and an oddment to finish off with?

READER: For the oddment I suggest the court memoirs of Edward VII's motor engineer, C. W. Stamper. It is attractively entitled *What I Know*. The novel is harder. Perhaps Virginia Faulkner's *Friends and Romans*. I can't remember when it came out, but at a guess I'd say early 'thirties. She wrote a couple of light novels with brilliant dialogue that I found very amusing. Now for something more solid. What about a really reliable edition of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*?

READER: I'll leave you to it.

R. G. G. PRICE

Letters from Wimpole Street

ELIZABETH BARRETT TO MISS MITFORD. Betty Miller. Murray, 25/-

Among the letters endlessly dispatched from the cloistered couch where a poetess lay perpetually a-dying were many addressed to that lively lady whose own

pages are all sun and shower and country-cousinship. Though none of her replies is quoted here it seems that she was serviceable in being willing to discuss the works and personality of one Robert Browning who increasingly invades the correspondence, and at the end she receives the thunderclap intelligence of the invalid's marriage to him.

The letters themselves, well selected, introduced and annotated are equally compounded of charm and irritation. They annoy by a profusion of apologies and humilities and by a kind of affectation of simplicity none the less vexing because the very mannerisms the writer would deny have produced a studied perfection of phrase and rhythm in itself quite admirable. They deal unimportantly with the day-to-day doings of mutual friends and more seriously with some bulk of literary criticism, but their real interest is as a record to mark the mounting stages of a great romance.

C. C. P.

Groucho. Arthur Marx. *Gollancz*, 16/-

This filial tribute gives an interesting picture of the comedian at home, marred a bit by the coyness with which so many of the children of theatrical celebrities refer to their parents. Many of the anecdotes are not very funny, but they are interesting because they show the screen character we know trying to get laughs without a script. Every account of the Marx Brothers gives a different explanation of how they work. Arthur Marx says that they were always searching for writers, Kaufman and Ryskind being the most successful; the Brothers, especially Groucho, worked on the script and added gags.

What one had imagined to be the essence of Groucho seems to have been poetic inconsequence forced on him by some of his writers. When the Brothers went over to Thalberg at M.G.M., he criticized their films for having no story or feminine interest, and Groucho apparently agreed enthusiastically. He is now a television star in the States and, it seems, a heart-winning, kindly, kiddy-loving one.

R. G. G. P.

Masters of the English Reformation.

Marcus L. Loane. *Church Book Room Press*, 12/6

In preparation for the observance this year of the four-hundredth anniversary of the "beginnings of the fierce persecutions of Protestants under 'Bloody' Mary" Canon Loane has put into a single well-printed and fully documented volume short "lives" of Latimer, Ridley and Cranmer along with studies of "Little" Bilney, who started the Reformation movement in Cambridge and converted Latimer, and of William Tyndale to whom, more than anyone else, the excellence of the Authorized Version of the Bible is due.

All five men died because of their

religious beliefs and they have in Canon Loane an entirely sympathetic biographer. He leans heavily on Foxe, a far from impartial historian, but keeping in mind the avowedly partisan purpose of the book it is well done. The narrative flows easily and agreeably, and that is a remarkable feat in view of the multitude of quotations it incorporates. The Bishop of Rochester contributes a vigorous foreword.

C. B. M.

Nefertiti Lived Here. Mary Chubb. *Bles*, 12/6

This is a charming little book about learning archaeology the hard way. Knowing nothing of ancient Egypt, Miss Chubb went out to Tel el Amarna as secretary to a small British team working—before the war—on the City of Akhenaten (spelt Akhetaten, by the way, on the cover map) in Upper Egypt, and quickly found that there "secretary" meant plasterer, chemist, sick-nurse, draughtsman, painter, excavator, antiquity-cleaner, and carpenter. A sculptor herself, she was soon enthralled by the beauty of the Pharaoh's art. The city had been unknown from the fourteenth century B.C. to the 1880s, and although since then the site had been regularly dug it was still yielding richly. Living in a house over three thousand years old, and handling personal possessions untouched over all that period, Miss Chubb was seized by a sense of

time folding up into nothing. She writes sensitively and with humour, and gives us a very good idea of the tension and excitements of a team working, almost fanatically, against time.

E. O. D. K.

AT THE PLAY

 *The Night of the Ball* (Niw)
The Rules of the Game (Arts)

NOT only the plush background of dancers crowding a London mansion till dawn labels MICHAEL BURNS' new play as curiously old-fashioned. One of the characters in *The Night of the Ball*, whose presence tears a hole in its surface serenity, is a young man with a conscience; he has thrown away his silver spoon and turned his country house into a home of rest where old lags can find their feet on leaving prison. Now that every second ancestral seat in England is devoted to something of the kind (and would be empty if it weren't) Julian's venture seems unnoticeably normal, whatever one's politics; but in this play people supposed to be of the present day argue it as hotly as if he had committed one of those awful crimes against society with which Pinero pulped audiences fifty years ago.

Seen obliquely from an ante-room, the ball goes on continuously, with plenty of champagne and plenty of backchat from guests coming out for a breather. Its rather small dramatic core



Margaret Tollemache—Miss WENDY HILLER
Lady Yarmouth—Miss GLADYS COOPER

Julian Lovell—Mr. TONY BRITTON
(The Night of the Ball)

is Julian's unexpected meeting with his ex-mistress, who is now on an even keel again and about to become engaged to their host. This is expanded a little by the host's disappointment, and by the grief of his niece, who has wanted Julian for herself.

So far as it goes, Julian's relationship with these two girls is quite well observed, for Mr. BURNS can write with sincerity, but if he had wasted less time on an army of peripatetic characters he could have made his story much more interesting. It is drowned in people, and in people almost as pointless as the royal guests whom tact confines to another part of the house. The chatter of these refugees, as they escape to kick off their shoes and drink, is sometimes amusing—GLADYS COOPER is among them—but seldom witty, and in any case is only a dilution of what the author has to say about the central matter of love gone awry. And some of them are beyond belief, to mention only the elderly playboy, an exhumation from the dim past, and the famous left-wing journalist who is so incompetent that he has to scribble perpetually on bits of paper.

LOUDON SAINTHILL has staged the ball lavishly, with striking dresses, and the eye is more engaged than the mind. There are no big acting parts. WENDY HILLER and TONY BRITTON have the fattest, and both are effective without being exciting. ROBERT HARRIS is the dull, courteous host who blows a chunk of capital to demonstrate to the young how Mayfair used to live. The only performance that stirs one faintly comes from JILL BENNETT, as the unfledged niece, still groping among new emotions. GLADYS COOPER puts a dazzling gloss even on gossip, but surely she is far too good to be a hanger-on outside a tenuous plot.

The Rules of the Game is a sharp, short, amusingly cynical Pirandello which demands an actor capable of persuading us that by a long intellectual effort he has shut out emotion and reduced life to a game of chess, played for the dry satisfaction of watching others flounder. The part suits DONALD PLEASENCE to perfection. He can assume a sinister detachment, and he can make his voice seem

to come straight off a slab at the morgue. In a very good performance at the Arts he points with the exactness of a mapping-pen the strategem of a husband who, driven into a hopeless duel by the wife he has enraged by his coldness, tricks her lover at the last moment into taking his place. This is an excellent scene, that leaves DONALD PLEASENCE sitting down to breakfast in his dressing gown while his rival lies in the orchard outside, presumably dying. The curtain goes down on a dramatic question-mark. Leone has won another round in the game, but may it not be the last, for now he is vulnerable to his wife? The rest of the Arts team is not up to Mr. PLEASENCE, but even so JOHN FERNALD's production gets pretty near to Pirandello.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An Evening with Beatrice Lillie (Globe, 1/12/54) recommends itself. Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* (Haymarket 10/11/54) is a first-rate farce, and *The Little Glass Clock* (Aldwych, 15/12/54) suits Kay Hammond and John Clements.

ERIC KROWN

and no emotion except that which is called forth by the sight of difficult feats performed with apparent ease. Perhaps at later performances all appearance of effort will be banished. To BENJAMIN BRITTEN's music Mr. ASHTON has contrived a display of virtuoso dancing somewhat in the Balanchine manner. Symmetry of pattern and precision of execution are of the essence of such unalloyed ballet and both were wanting at the first performance; and there was uncertainty in the orchestra pit also. None the less, the new piece was very warmly received, ELAINE FIFIELD being welcomed on her promotion to a principal rôle in the senior company, which she danced with great spirit along with NADIA NERINA and ROWENA JACKSON. ALEXANDER GRANT, as a master of revels (performed in a somewhat garish garden and in dresses which lacked subtle touches), had the best opportunities and seized them brilliantly, though he should resist the temptation to exaggerate some of his gestures.

C. B. MORTLOCK

IN THE PRESS

The Gloriously Ordinary

WHEN individual journalists, news and ideas are fed into an electronic brain the answer is the *Daily Express*. That answer is read by almost all the coveted Average Readers. In time the *Express* had to produce the columnist with the Average Touch.

Why then, step forward William Hickey! You will be the columnist of the year. The other newspapers forget their individual missions and their specialist readerships in their frenzied search for the obvious. But they do not have William Hickey. When he prints a reader's praise "I like you and your mind, dear William Hickey" the secret of his great success is out.

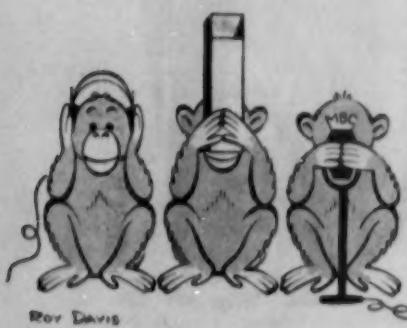
Hickey has a nice mind which all can appreciate. He dislikes conscription and loves coming back to London. The turrets of Knightsbridge remind him of a fairy castle in a pantomime. He discovers beauty in old women, sunshine in winter, tears on his typewriter. He calls orphaned children "little ones" and says

Kindness—like all the other virtues—is positive. It is safe from bombs. It cannot be vaporised. Because it is of the spirit.

He finds that the internal combustion engine looks simple and wonders why it wasn't invented a thousand years ago. He reads Caesar's war commentaries and decides that Churchill is incomparably greater. His mind often dwells on the past.

And as he talked about those wartime heroes—he was in special operations himself—the bar seemed to fill itself with men of many languages laughing, talking, drinking, before the mission from which they did not return.

When a man has a "sweet" manner



William Hickey says so. When he wants to play courtier he does.

I kissed her hand. A rather Continental habit. But she really was so beautiful.

And I liked her so.

Hickey never bears a grudge.

I don't know whether you remember, but when they gave their party at Claridges a few weeks go, Norah Docker and I parted on bad company.

And then, yesterday, I got their Christmas card—a lovely flower-piece. With it was a charming personal message from Norah.

I was so glad . . .

He forgives the rich and poor alike. Serving that Empire on which the sun never rises, he was doubtful of the value of Speakers' Corner. He was just inclined to wonder whether rule by majority was right. Then he had a revelation in Oxford Street.

And as I watched them—admiring the world as it is. Gloriously ordinary. In their tastes. Their habits and their lives.

Why then I began to appreciate Speakers' Corner.

Carefully separating the gloriously ordinary from the readers of the *Daily Express*, he wrote:

You have come through so much. Suffered so much. And now by your own efforts are beginning to enjoy life again.

Although he lives graciously, lunching on Sunday with a man who "knows the secrets of Whitehall" and another who "normally quotes Boswell, Napoleon and Hemingway in the same sentence," Hickey always tries to bring his average readers into the spring sunlight of his life. Recently he asked readers to suppose that they were William Hickey and suggest what their first words to Mr. Malenkov would be. The winning answer read

"John Donne's words beginning 'No man is an island unto himself'" [sic]. There's Devotions for you.

MARSHALL PUGH

AT THE PICTURES



*Carmen Jones
The Bridges at Toko-Ri*

BY now, perhaps, we don't need to argue about the rights and wrongs of recasting the opera *Carmen* in twentieth-century American terms in *Carmen Jones* (Director: OTTO PREMINGER). There can be few who won't think that the result justifies itself, and certainly I am not one of them. Here we have an explosion of music and colour and vitality which, besides being enormously entertaining in its own right, offers to anyone knowing (or even half-knowing) the original opera the added pleasure of an amusing exercise in comparison and identification.

The other characters as well as Carmen herself have their exact equivalents, sometimes hinted at in their names (José—Joe, Escamillo—Husky Miller), and the

sense of the songs reappears with the familiar melodies. To the air of the Habanera when she first appears Carmen sings

You go—for—me
And I'm ta—boo,
But if—you're—hard to get I go—
for—you

and Husky Miller (a boxing champion, not a bullfighter) roars proudly

Seventeen
Decisions in a row,
And only one on points—
The rest was all K.O.

the refrain of the Toreador Song being
Stand—up—and fight un—til you
hear the bell . . .

It is an all-Negro cast; DOROTHY DANDRIDGE as Carmen, one of the lightest in colour, has vitality and attractiveness enough for six and she makes the screen all but sizzle. It is specially pleasing to watch her frank amusement with the whole business of being sexually alluring. Three of the principal voices are dubbed: hers, Joe's and Husky Miller's; but it seems to me that the dubbing of singing voices, unlike that of speaking voices, can be defended.

The film is a unique and stimulating experience. Inevitably the original opera will seem pale by comparison; but in some way this rejuvenates the music. Familiar as they are, the airs take on a brilliant freshness when one has such a strong new reason for actively listening to them.

In pattern, *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* (Director: MARK ROHSON) is a conventional enough war film—the war is the Korean war—but it succeeds because of the merit of its documentary basis. The details of life and active-service

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Joe—HARRY BELAFONTE

Carmen—DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

(*Carmen Jones*)

procedure on an American aircraft-carrier in November 1952 have a fascinating interest with which the domestic affairs of the central character cannot compete. He (WILLIAM HOLDEN) flies one of the jet planes from the carrier, but the cast list finds room for a feminine star (GRACE KELLY) because his wife and children contrive to visit him at a Japanese naval base.

"The bridges at Toko-Ri" are a vital strategic target, and he takes part in the mission to destroy them. This action is most thrillingly shown, and his failure to return from it is not glossed over; but the film is less his story than that of the aircraft-carrier and her crew. As such, it is very good. Among the human characters Mr. HOLDEN, MICKEY ROONEY (as a helicopter-pilot who affects a green opera-hat when in action), and FREDRIC MARCH as the Rear-Admiral are most notable; all do well, and Mr. MARCH in particular is first-rate. An honest, exciting, impressive picture.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: *L'Esclave, or The Slave*, an unusually well-done propaganda piece about drug-taking. The big news of the week is the belated arrival (after New York success) of the British cartoon film *Animal Farm*; but the new one I have enjoyed most is *Woman's World*, a brilliantly entertaining social comedy with serious overtones. *The Great Adventure* (8/12/54), Cinerama and *Bread, Love and Dreams* (3/11/54) continue; and there is also a good spectacular Western, *Drum Beat* (5/1/55).

The only new release I would mention is *Svengali* (5/1/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Goons, Goofs and Goops

IT is some time since I listened with more than half an ear to "The Goon Show." When it first took up position on the cold front of aerial humour I gave it a fair hearing and found it disappointing. In those days it dealt almost exclusively in non sequiturs and vocal acrobatics; its fun was that of a self-conscious college mag, full of sadly ineffective imitations of Groucho and Chico, excessively noisy, and given to show-band-style falsetto tantrums. I was prepared to write it off as yet another flop between two stools—between the chair of sophisticated risibility and the worn plush fauteuil of slap and tickle.

Well, the Goons have come up in the world. The other week they offered a delicious piece of tomfoolery, a rag of the sensational television version of *Nineteen Eighty-four*, and I am pretty certain that Orwell himself would have found the rag more entertaining (and probably more acceptable) than the screened translation of his novel. I am aware that *Nineteen Eighty-four* is the kind of show that sits up and begs to be parodied, and I am also aware that the Goons were somewhat slow in tackling the assignment: nevertheless, I give them full marks for this programme. They played to an adult audience, scattering wisecracks and amusing asides very liberally and revealing remarkable powers of mimicry. Their timing was excellent; the weaker moments of the script were thrown away and the brighter gags were never ruined by a dawdling aftermath of mutual approbation.

The funniest item—for me—was the chamber of horrors, "Room 101," with



Harry Secombe

Spike Milligan

Peter Sellers

[The Goon Show]

Winston Bluebottle being tortured into submission by means of the signature tunes of "Mrs. Dale's Diary," "Life with the Lyons," and "Workers' Playtime," and the cleverest touches, undoubtedly, were the simulated voices of Yvonne Mitchell, André Morell and the giggling proles. I wonder whether listeners, as distinct from viewer-listeners, enjoyed this show as much as I did: thinking it over I am rather worried by the fact that so much of the humour seemed to depend on visual imagery and recollections of the television performance, and if this is so non-viewers must have been somewhat handicapped in their appreciation of the parody. I look forward with interest to my next encounter with the Goons.

By contrast an experimental half-hour with Charlie Chester and company left me determined to avoid this dismal show for as long as possible. Here the humour was all comic cuts and funny wonder, dreadful puns and earthy allusion.

Moreover, the production seemed ragged and the performers inadequately rehearsed. Charlie Chester is a cheerful soul and he manages to project his cheerfulness with good effect, but he needs better material. Jokes such as (1) "What is an export reject? Answer: an English girl divorced by a G.I." and (2) "Actor walks out of pantomime. Aladdin, a lad out!" simply aren't good enough.

For some weeks now television has been enjoying its jungle season. The screen lights up almost nightly with excellent and original films made in the wilds of Africa. I have already praised the work of Armand and Michaela Denis, whose programmes, "Filming in Africa," continue to provide excitement, spectacle and charm: now I must mention an even more enthralling series, called "Zoo Quest," which tells the story of a recent expedition to the forests of West Africa.

The films, shot by Charles Lagus and edited by Robert Verrall, are first-rate, and so too are the studio interviews with members of the expedition—accompanied by some of their acquisitions. In the most engaging manner Jack Lester and David Attenborough manage to lace their story with information.

We have seen many films of ants at work, but none more dramatic than David Attenborough's story of marauding Driver Ants. Wisely, in my opinion, this programme was preceded by a warning to delicate-minded viewers, for it would be difficult to screen anything more horrific than the steam-roller tactics of these bloodthirsty creatures of Sierra Leone. *Nineteen Eighty-four?* Pooh!

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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BORED BANKER BALANCES HIS DIET

NEVER did I see a banker with a lower interest in things than old Sharpman. His share of life's fun was well below par. "How's your stock these days?" I asked him.

"Down to zero," he countered. "The trouble is this constipation—my store of energy is overdrawn, and I can't manage quick convertibility any longer."

"Then I can suggest a gilt-edged security," I said.

"A sound offer?" asked Sharpman.

"Safe as the B of E. Invest something in maintaining your plant and equipment. There's that piping inside you—30 feet of it—that needs reconditioning. Everything you eat has to pass through it, and your intestinal muscles are there to help the food along. But they've nothing to pull on in the sort of food we eat these days—too soft and starchy."

"Then what happens?" asked Sharpman.

"Your company becomes unbearable," I said. "Your zest drops suddenly. In fact, you're constipated—and the reason is lack of bulk in your food."

"What gives you bulk?" he asked.

"Kellogg's All-Bran. It's a delightful breakfast food, and it's what you need. All-Bran will settle your deficit in a few days."



"Capital, capital," he said with a smile as wide as a five pound note. "All-Bran really has made me 'regular.' What's the secret of this wonderful food?"

"Bulk buying, old man—to coin a phrase," I said.

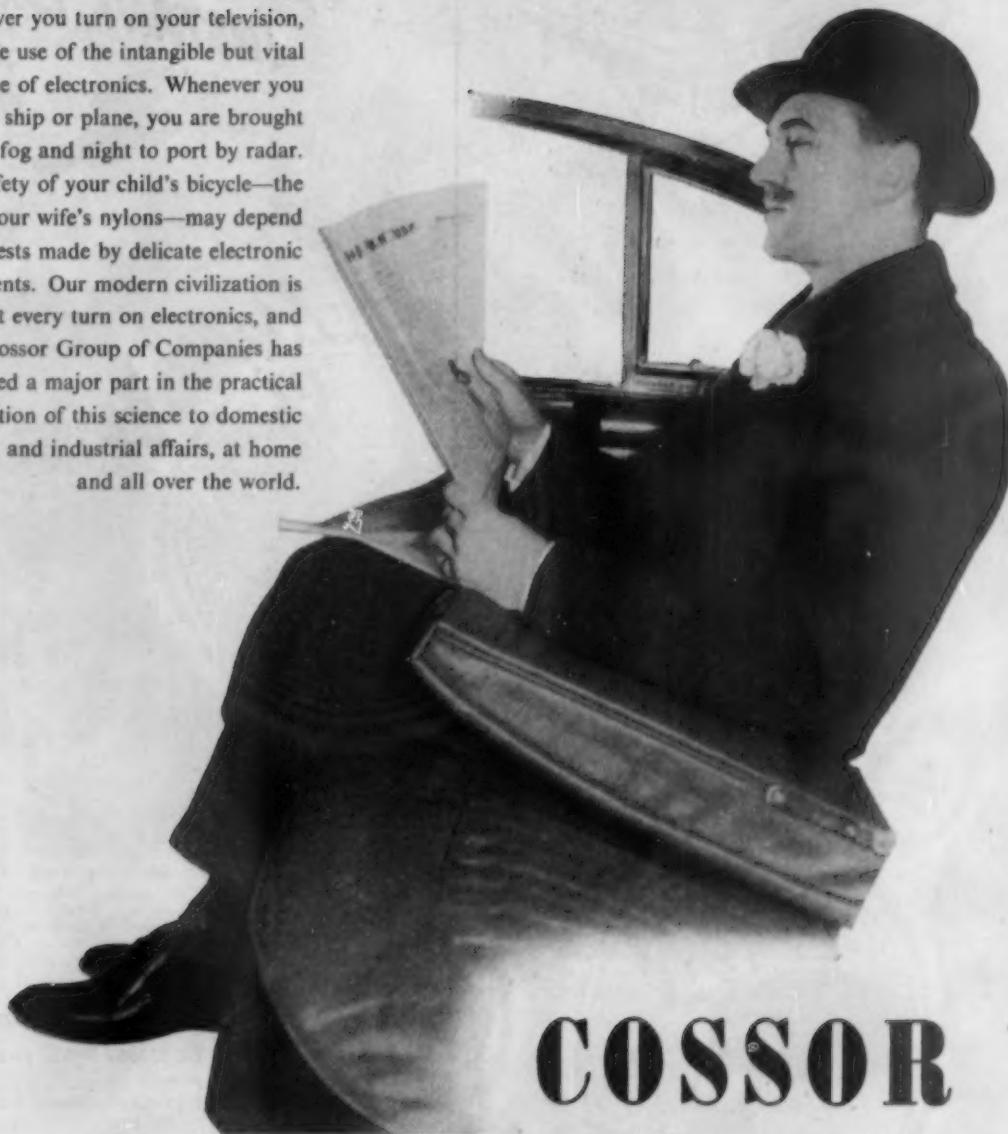
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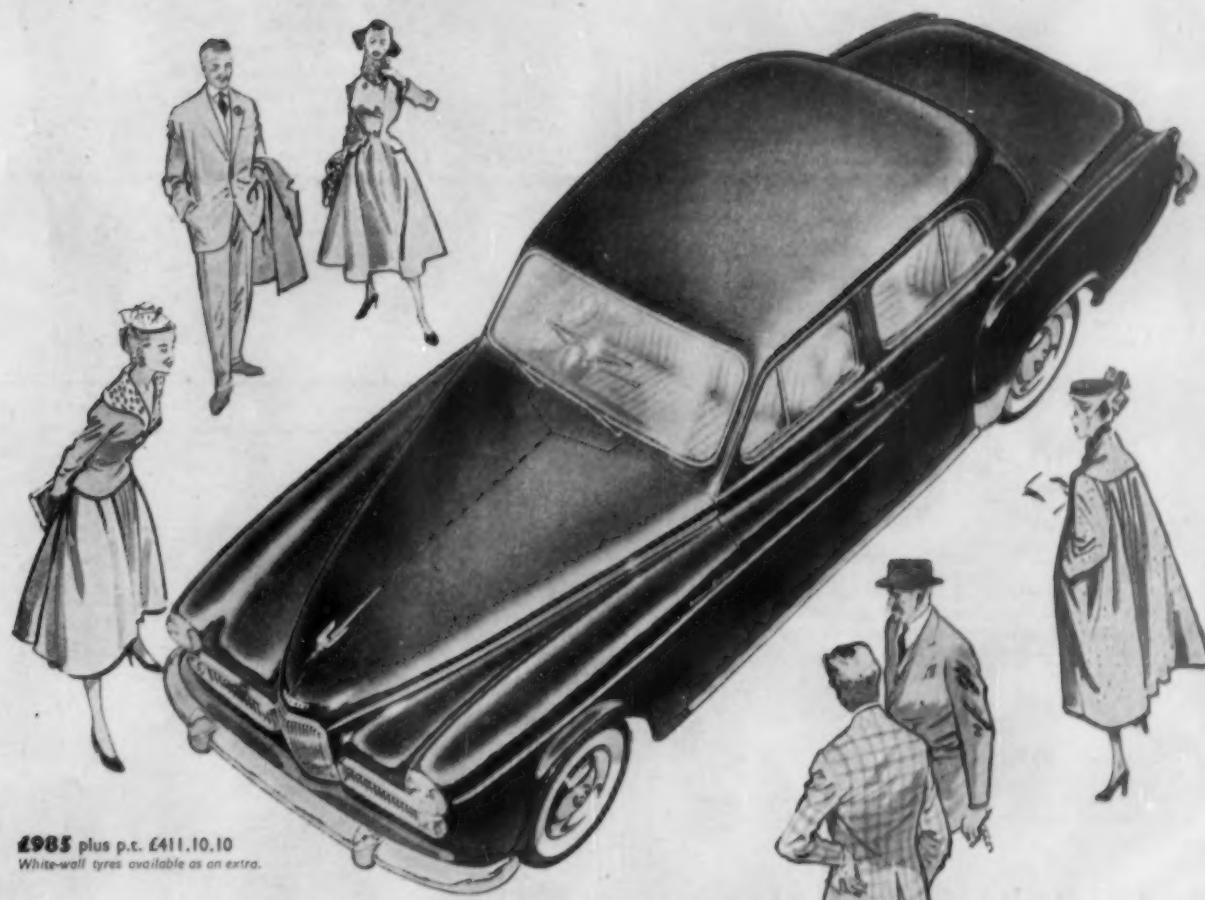
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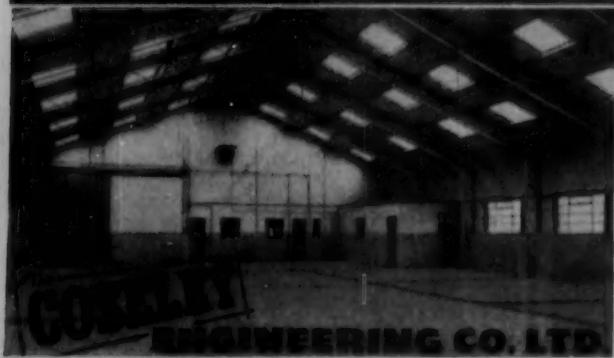


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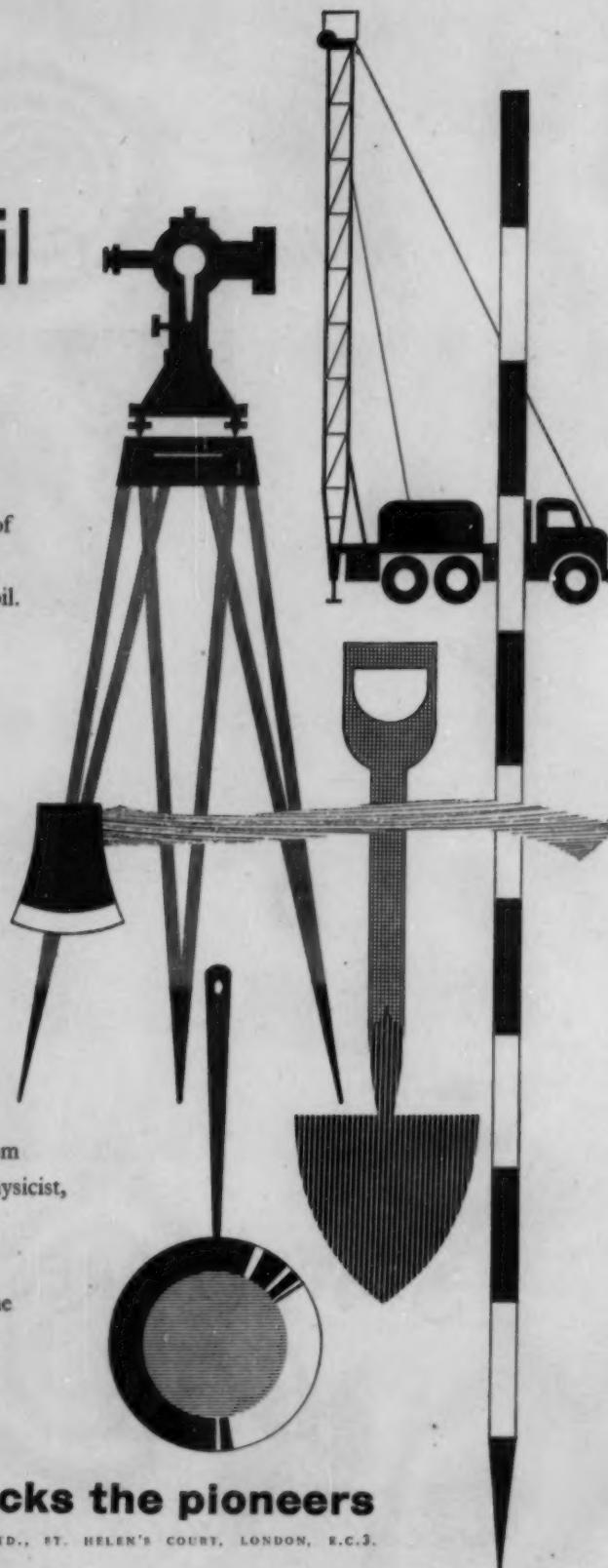
TO THE OILMEN of today goes the credit, and the adventure, of opening up many of the waste places of the earth. Under deserts, prairies, marshes and seas, otherwise bleak and unharvested, may lie oil. Oil for lamps, for cooking stoves, for industry, for farming, for the world on wheels, the ships and aircraft of all nations. The oilmen must always go out and find new sources of supply, so great is the demand. They must drill the wasteland to dredge up the liquid treasure that the earth holds imprisoned.

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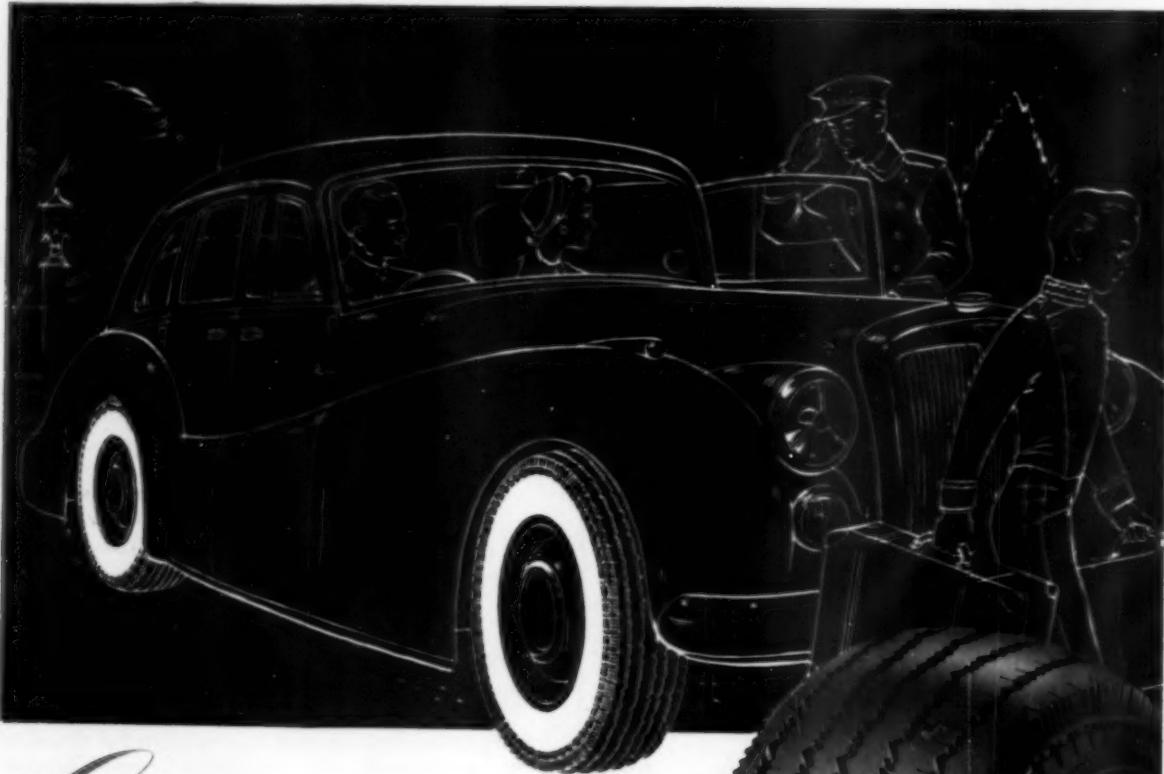
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